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by Marilyn Mohr

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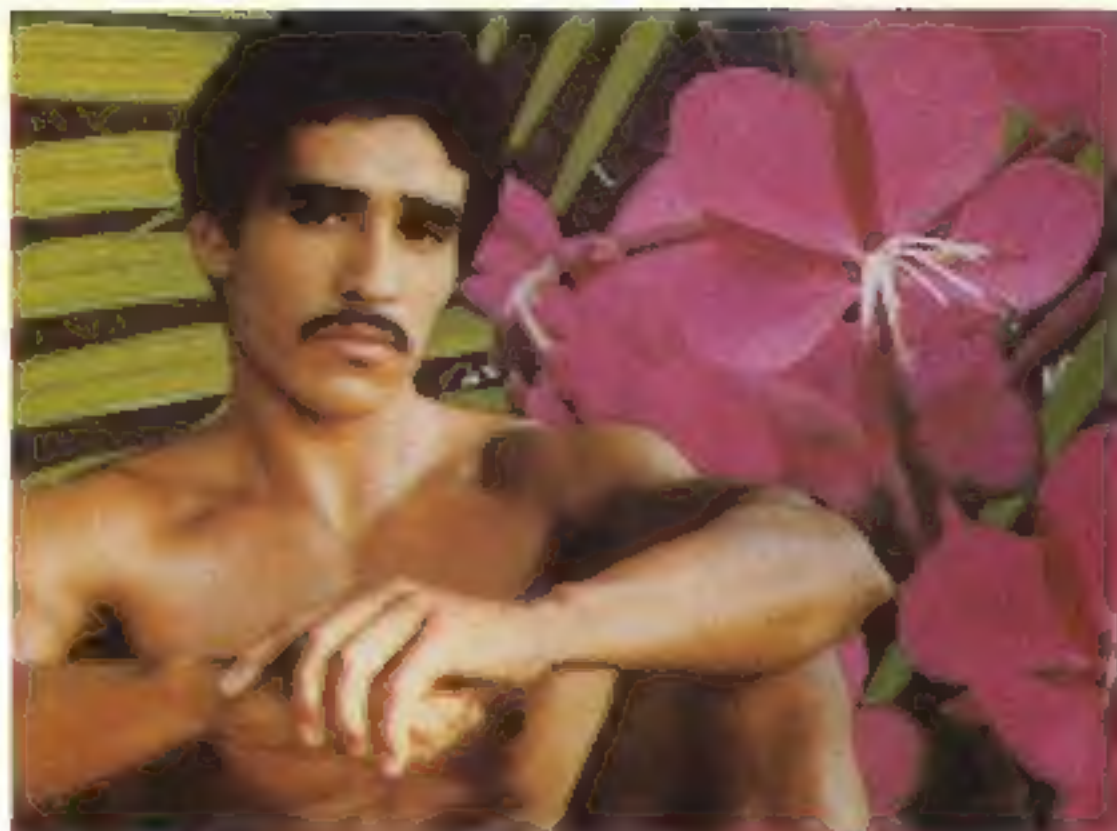
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NIGHTLIFE 94
High Holidays

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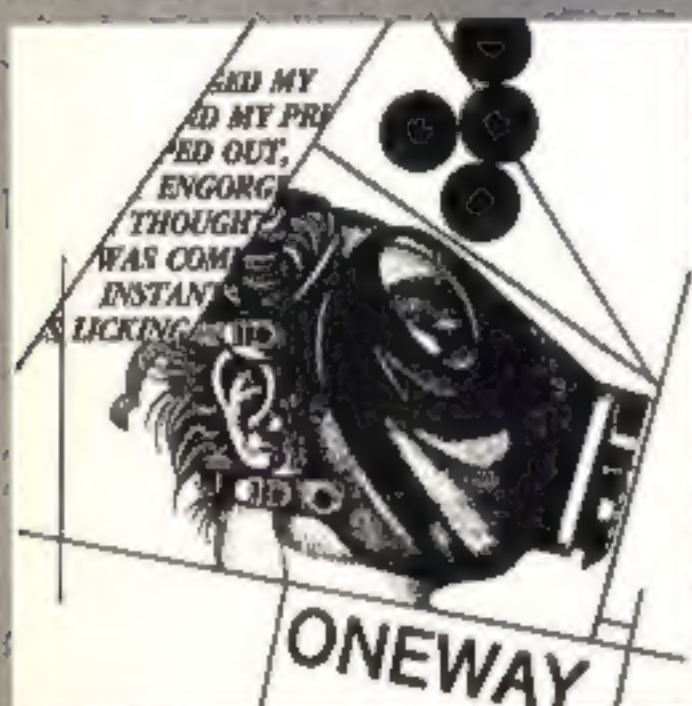
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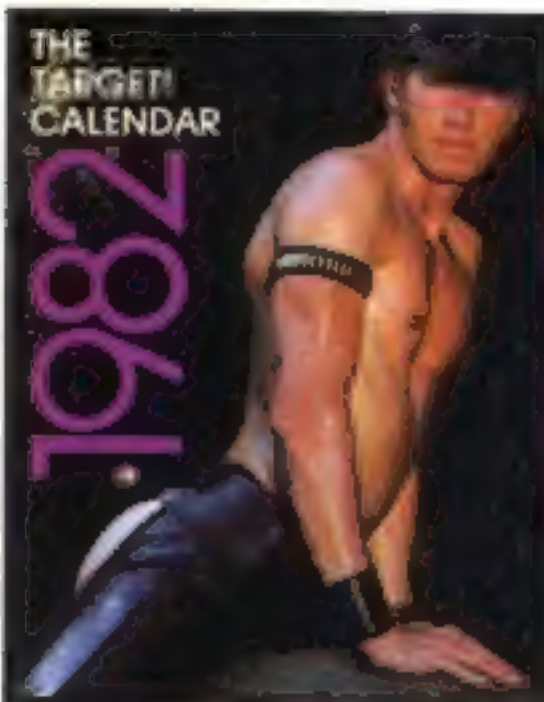
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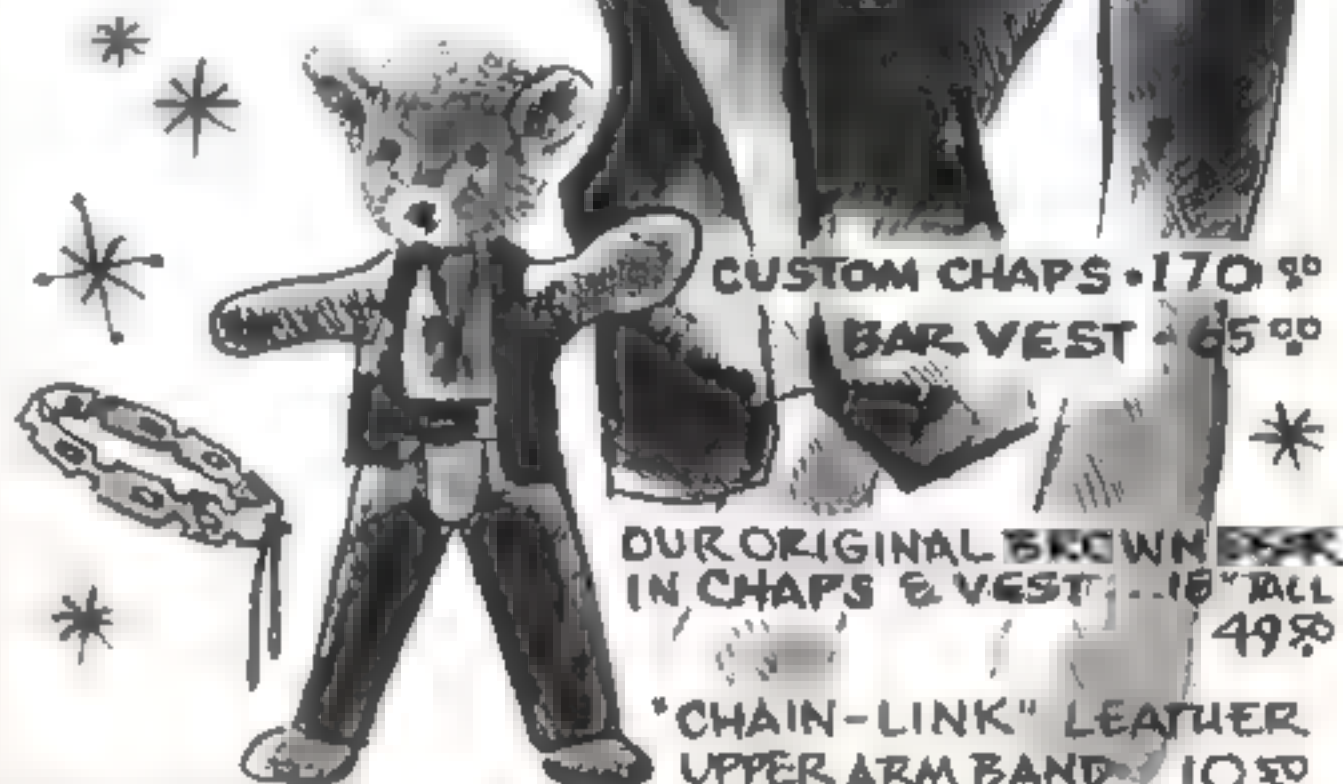
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TOUCH & GO



TRICK OR TREAT? Obviously this angel is both. He's a little bit bondage because this is our special salute to leather issue) and has a little bit special effects (because this is our special Halloween issue). In fact, one of our center folds is a... well, you see. Talk about special effects. This guy is going to cause a panic. And you thought our Tallulah center fold in issue #58 was too dog-gone much. Well, we're about to take you Beyond Great Danes.

This angel, by the way, whom you all recognize from the movie *Barbarella*, can be found pressed between the pages of a picturesque new book, *The Films of Jane Fonda* by frequent N TOUCH contributor George Maddad-Garcia. Citadel Press, 120 Enterprise Ave., Secaucus, N.J. 07094. \$16.95.

Angel Face here may be up in the air, but we're not. We know angel food when we see it.

Ah-huh, this is heavenly. Happy Halloween, Tall Blonde and Airborne.

Huh? You want us to be the angel this time and you be the goblin? Sure thing. We'll always spread our wings for you.

PARAMOUNT PICTURES

GO FOR IT, BABY A reader in Ontario who wishes to remain anonymous spotted his photo in the *Toronto Sun* and thought the guys would like it. Obviously, this picture is a real gabbler. All readers are invited to put their two cents and anything else into Touch & Go when they have something that's worth telling. Thanks, Ontario.





GO FOR IT BABY: A reader in Ontario who wishes to remain anonymous spotted his photo in the *Toronto Sun* and thought, you guys would like it. Obviously this picture is a real grabber. A readers are invited to put the two-cents and anything else into Touch & Go when they have something in a pants-wetting. Thanks, Ontario.

ILLUSTRATION BY DICK HIRSH



PHOTO BY DICK HIRSH

WELL, EAT OUR DUST, YAHOO! The Reno Fast Car Association needed some hot publicity to boost dropping attendance. The Reno Gay Rodeo was getting mondo publicity because a higher court had just overturned the Lieutenant Governor of Nevada's in 1982 refusal to grant a rodeo permit to "a bunch of queers." So the Fast Car Association invited the Gay Rodeo to enter a car in the hope it would direct some press their way. "Little did they anticipate what was in store for them," wrote Paul Lorch in the *Bay Area Reporter*. The Gay Rodeo car shows up the day of the race. It's number GAY 90. Across its jacked-up rear: "The Fairy Duster." A bright blue Dodge Colt. Its colors are blue and gold, the colors of the Gay Rodeo. By chance, the car's regular driver happens to be injured and a substitute named Jeff Brantley (who will later insist he's straight and

just likes to race) steps in. Gentlemen, start your engines. Zoooooom. The Fairy Duster wins. The next day the race, which usually rates little more than a mention in the sports section, commands 10 pages in the *Reno Evening Gazette* and the *Nevada State Journal*. The headline in one paper reads, "Gay Car A More Issue," and reveals that track announcer Jack Fortner resigned because of a conflict with his religious beliefs. Phil Ragsdale, founder and president of the Reno Gay Rodeo, noted that Tender Loving Care (a massage parlor) and Mustang Ranch (a brothel) had both sponsored cars—neither of which caused Mr. Fortner any spiritual dilemma or drummed up any extra publicity. "Unfortunately," said Ragsdale, they can't spark a controversy like the GAY 90 can. Go get 'em, Dusty!



ATHLETIC MODEL, GURE D

MORE REAL PEOPLE: This boy up here is so real you can just smile him. (Thank you, Athletic Model Guild.) Penile tattoos are as old as the Ice Age; archeologists have discovered. One of the earliest books on the subject, printed in England in 1974 and loaded with photos of penile and anal tattoos (the boy with the serpent up his kazoo comes from the book), is *Art, Sex and Symbol: The Mystery of Tattooing*, still available from A.S. Barnes (Cranbury NJ 08512, \$20). Authors R.W.B. Scott (a Surgeon Captain of the Royal Navy) and Christopher Gotch are astute and thorough in their documentation, even reporting the (tail?) tale of the sailor who had Adam tattooed on his dick until he got an erection and Adam grew into Amsterdam.

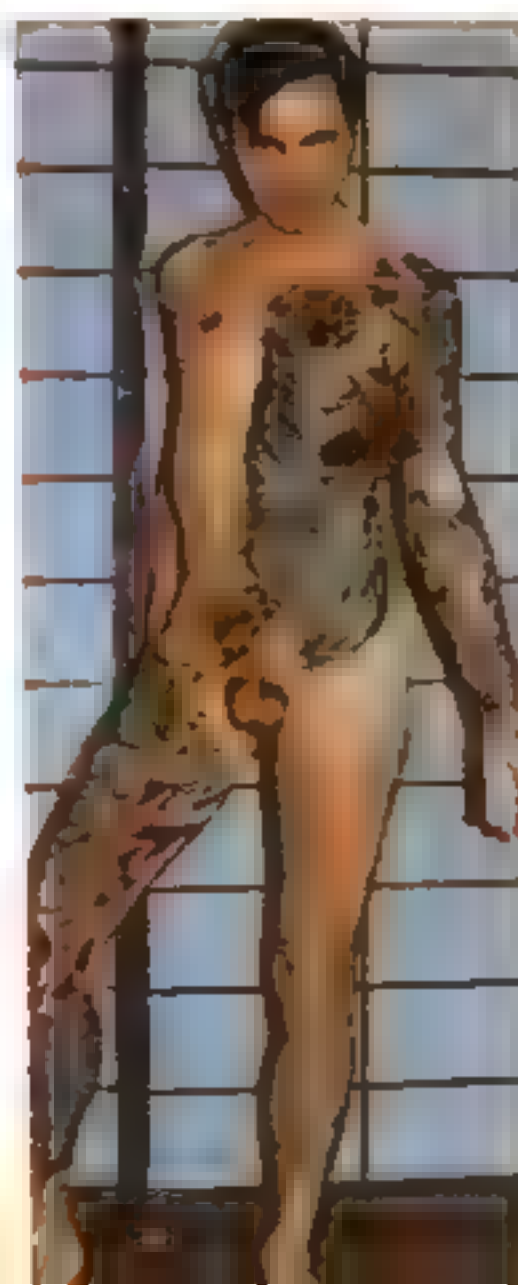
The authors do not flinch from the explicit homosexual overtones of this craft that involves "the long sharp needles, the fluid injected into the 'pricked' skin, the two participants, one active and sadistic, the other passive and masochistic." There is speculation whether men who favor tattoos (rough trade to you kid) may secretly feel what one woman reported: "While I'm sitting there in the parlor waiting for him to begin, and he prepares his instruments, I feel that he is getting ready to make love to me. The needle pricking my flesh seems to correspond to the beginning of the love act." The French once thought, the authors tell us, that gay men wore specific recognition tattoos—dots on the cheek (*points de la fraye*), or eyelid or web of the hand. "Even the ubiquitous blue birds on the hands have the interpretation for Interpol."

At left, we see how some guys are wearing their tattoos today: off the shoulder and tres asymmetric. Very Punk. The picture comes to us from the Hot Line Ltd., people who have taken tattooing out of the cave and into the world of fast-food. What they offer are seven-day tattoos (in blue only), applied with a needle in the traditional way but which work out of the skin in a week.

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 (!), Kate Jackson (stop, B I I,
 this couldn't possibly be true,
 she's married to Andrew Ste-
 vens). Stella Stevens (stop,
 B I I, oh please stop, she's the
 mother of Andrew Stevens).
 Loretta Switt, Kristy McNichol
 ("Kristy McNichol is no longer
 dating Liberace's niece!" B I I
 exclaims at one point in his
 very yellow journal), Julie
 Andrews, Maria ("Give me the
 cobra you-ess") Montez, Mack-
 enzie Phillips, Barbara Nichols
 and—are you ready—even
 Elke Sommer.

What can we say? We're
 speechless. We don't believe
 a word of this, not for a min-
 ute, not for a second. There
 are no dykes in Hollywood.
 Holland perhaps. San Diego
 possibly. Two are said to live
 in Santa Fe. But Hollywood?
 Hollywood is as dykeless as it
 is lagless. Just ask Wayne
 Newton.

Heedless of lawsuit, heed-
 less of reprisal, heedless of a
 cement overcoat, this Dakota



character continues to print
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 and for this reason, we at IN-
 TOUCH, ever the avatar of
 Quiet Good Taste, do not
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newspaper which can be
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be copied." This ad appeared
 in the same *Hollywood Star*
 we mentioned above. Do you
 wonder that we are shocked
 by a newspaper that seeks to
 sell James Dean like he was a,
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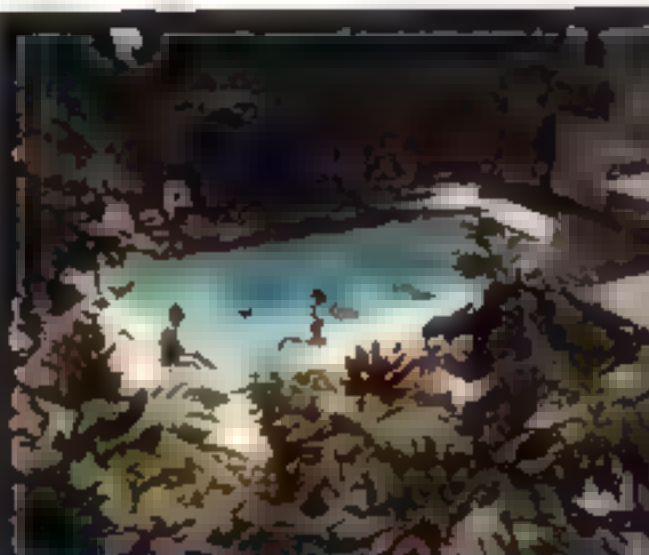
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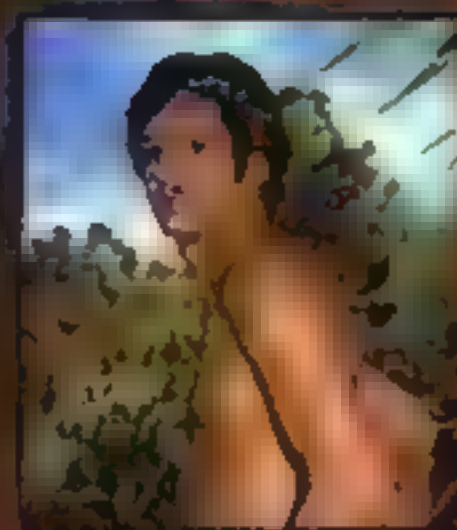
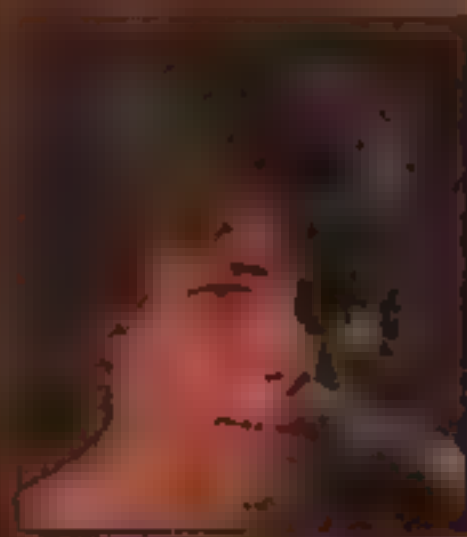
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LETTERS:

SAVE OUR LEGENDS

First of all I want to congratulate you on the new look of the magazine. It's sexier, breezier and more appealing visually. Also your choice of models remains consistently excellent. My one gripe is the new emphasis on campy humor directed at female performers ("The Evita Auditions" in Issue #55, "The Legend Drinks" in Issue #58, etc.) I had hoped this type of thing had gone the way of *Boys in the Band*. One of your favorite targets, Barbara Streisand, was an inspiration to me through her music while I was recovering from a long illness. How about some serious reviews of her albums/films to counter the brick bats?

Also referring to a photo of Connie Francis as "Pre-rape" shows great insensitivity. You would never be allowed to caption a photo of Harvey Milk as "pre-shooting." IN TOUCH is an entertaining, quality mag... you don't have to rely on stereotypical, bitchy humor to capture your readership. Thanks

Greg Dallman
Van Nuys, CA

Greg, it's like this. Either you get what we're doing or you don't. We're not making fun of these women (and men too, by the way), we're having fun with them. We probably like Streisand as much as you do (well, maybe not that much, but the world is full of magazines running reviews of her albums and records. We want to provide something special here, a side glance, an additional way—let's call it, a gay way of looking at things. You can call our humor stereotyped and bitchy. The important thing to us is that it is honest and comes from our real feelings. We refuse to publish "politically correct" humor or "politically correct" articles or "politically correct" anything. Maybe what you really like about IN TOUCH is that there is a certain integrity behind the style. We are publishing things we, the staff, would really like to see and read in a magazine. You might disagree with some of our tastes (or, in the case of the Connie Francis caption, our tastelessness—touche, Doug). We have our faults certainly and we perhaps have biases that may bother some readers. O.K., but maybe that's part of the price that is paid when you get a magazine that isn't a shiny manufactured product but is living, breathing and human.

Ed

I really enjoyed the piece on "Legend



HARVEY MILK... Pre-shooting

Drinks" (#58). That picture of Shelley Winters is lethal

George Haymont
San Francisco, CA

Child, those "Joan at Home" photos! (Issue #58, Touch & Go.) Miss Thing here just had to go and put her head under some cold water... Thanks for a great magazine

Jimmy Ray
Augusta, GA

I would like to see the 'Dark Lord' Darth Vader giving Luke Skywalker (Issue #51) an over-the-knee spanking on his bare ass. After all, he is supposed to be Luke's father. And P.S., don't you just love it when Donny Osmond says "Wild and Fruity!" Yes, Donny, you are, you are!

Gary Aschbach
Dallas, TX

HOW TO CONTACT THE MODELS

First off, let me say IN TOUCH is Number One. You are slaughtering the competition. Too bad the issue isn't bigger (Ha! Ha!). Well, now to my writing you. Is there some way that someone could get in touch with one of your models? For instance, I was hoping maybe a "purely friendship" thing could develop with Christain Devito from Issue #57, as well as some of your other models who would be interested in having a friend in Ontario, Canada. Do you know what I'm trying to say? Purely on a Friendship basis. I'm 25 years old (honestly) and well upon reading your magazine EVERY MONTH. Don't have a subscription yet but very soon in the future I promise you I will! Well, I just thought since some of your models sound like decent guys, well, was only wondering how I could go about getting "In Touch" with them. Do

you understand what I'm trying to say, purely friendship

A.B.
Ontario

We get dozens of letters like this a month but are not equipped to provide a pen-pal service. We deal primarily with the photographers. If you want to contact a centerfold model, the best thing to do is look for the photography studio credited on that spread. Usually, these studios are advertisers and once you find the name, you can generally find their ad, with their address, in some other part of the issue. We have no way of knowing if the studio will forward the letter or if the whereabouts of the model is still known to them. It's a long shot, but if that's what you want, go for it.

—Ed

DADDY MYSTERY SOLVED (ALMOST)

In Issue #56 I particularly enjoyed the article on daddies needing daddies, not only because of my own attraction to daddies, but also because of the secret attraction I once had to the author, Jack Fritscher, when I was a graduate student. My reading of the article helped me realize why he looked so familiar when I saw his picture.

Don't Sign My Name
Kalamazoo, MI

Guess what. The guy on page 27 of Issue #56 is not Jack Fritscher! But they have a similar look and we can understand how your memory may have made the mistake. We didn't realize until we received your letter that the layout on that page might lead people to assume the man in the picture was the author. Hope we've cleared up this error for all the other students of Mr. Fritscher who have loved him from afar.

—Ed

BEACH BOYS

I was delighted by your summer-athletes issue (#57), particularly that "Boys at the Beach" photo-essay. The photo on page 81 (top) is—and probably always will be—my favorite photo and pose for boys at Southern California beaches. Candid shots of boys at play (like that) is what I want to see rather than the "posed" shots. Although the posed shots are great, the beach shot of boys bending over and whipping down the r-speedos has to be the most wonderful shot ever!! More, more.

Doug Reuter
Hollywood, CA

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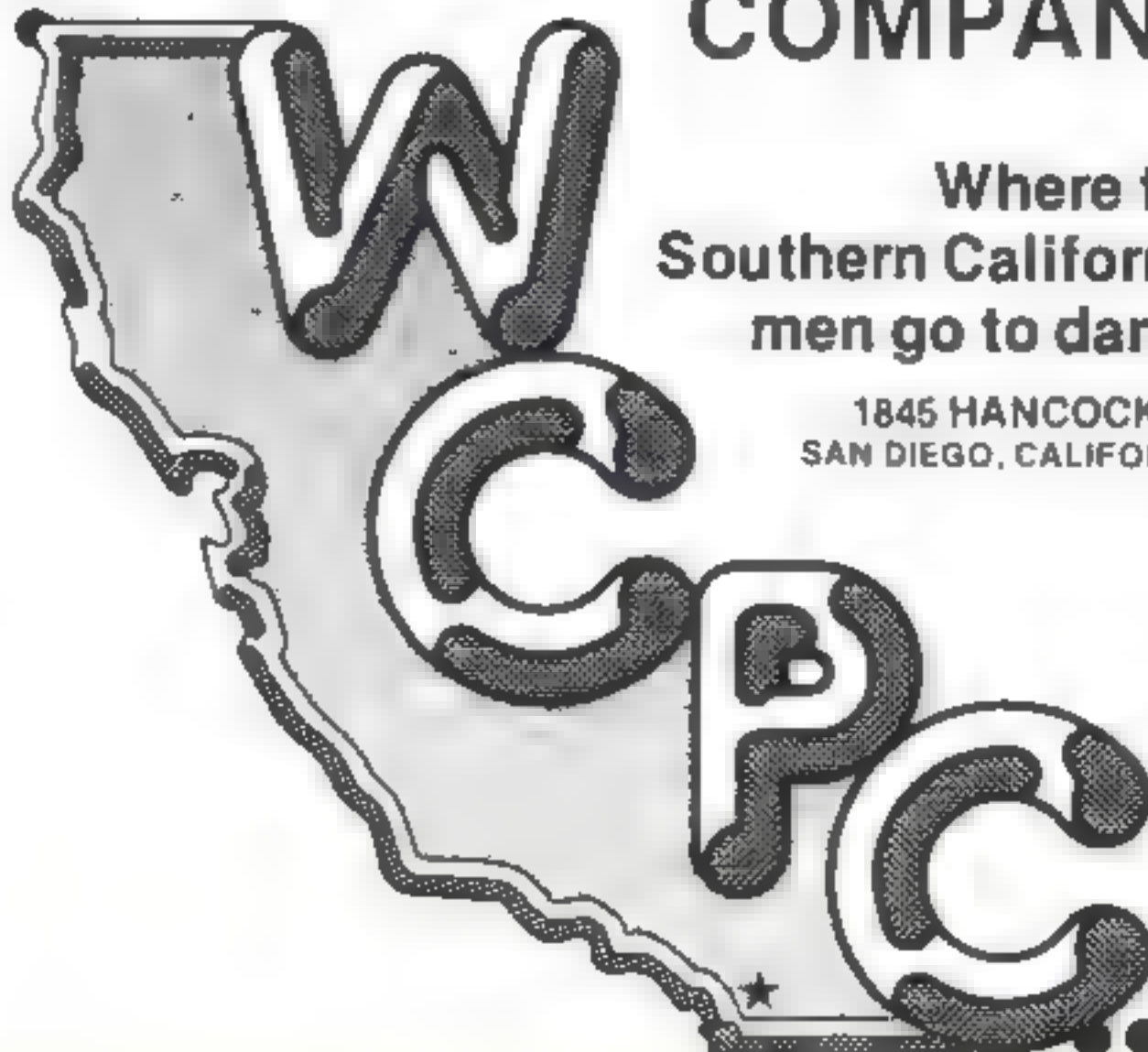
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**A true story
by William Kroman**

In the lobby of an air-deco luxury building on Washington's fashionable Connecticut Avenue are two gray-haired women. One is thin, one is plump. Both are delicately powdered and rouged in the fashioning gossamer mirrors. The thin woman sorts men into pigeon-holes. The plump one comes forward and asks whom you wish to see.

When they hear David's name, the women exchange knowing glances. Apartment 515, the hip woman says, smiling sweetly. The plump woman rings 515 to tell David day side is on the way.

David is a hustler, a white veteran near the top of his profession. He serves the social elite of the capital. Parts of the city miss him; in fact, he refuses to visit, keeping to his high-rent zones of Georgetown, Chevy Chase and Capitol Hill. He refuses to call from areas he considers decreaser. His basic rate is fifty dollars an hour, higher for special requests. He turns in an average week last year he netted \$25,000 in what he calls his whoring business.

David meets his visitor in the thickly carpeted hallway outside his apartment door. His pale blue eyes appraise voraciously. You feel you have just had your picture taken. David matches the description that appears in his ads in three Washington publications.

Slim blond, handsome GWM model, 24, 5'9", 140 lbs. Blue eyes. Clean cut. Hung.

Cream-keen stacks and a silk white on-white shirt accent David's sinuous muscularity. He is at the stage of life when the boy he was and the man he is becoming show alternately in his face. His hair is a military style. There is a thick gold-link chain around his elegant neck. He exudes availability.

Inside the apartment is disheveled, the bed unmade. On a workbench crowded with art supplies is an unfinished watercolor, the Jefferson Memorial surrounded by luffy pink cherry blossoms, and several pencil sketches of the same scene. Near by are two telephones, one red, one white. The number on the white phone has been removed. Bags of fabric occupy the middle of the living-room floor. The food is for a dinner party. David is catering tomorrow. His specialty is the progressive dinner.

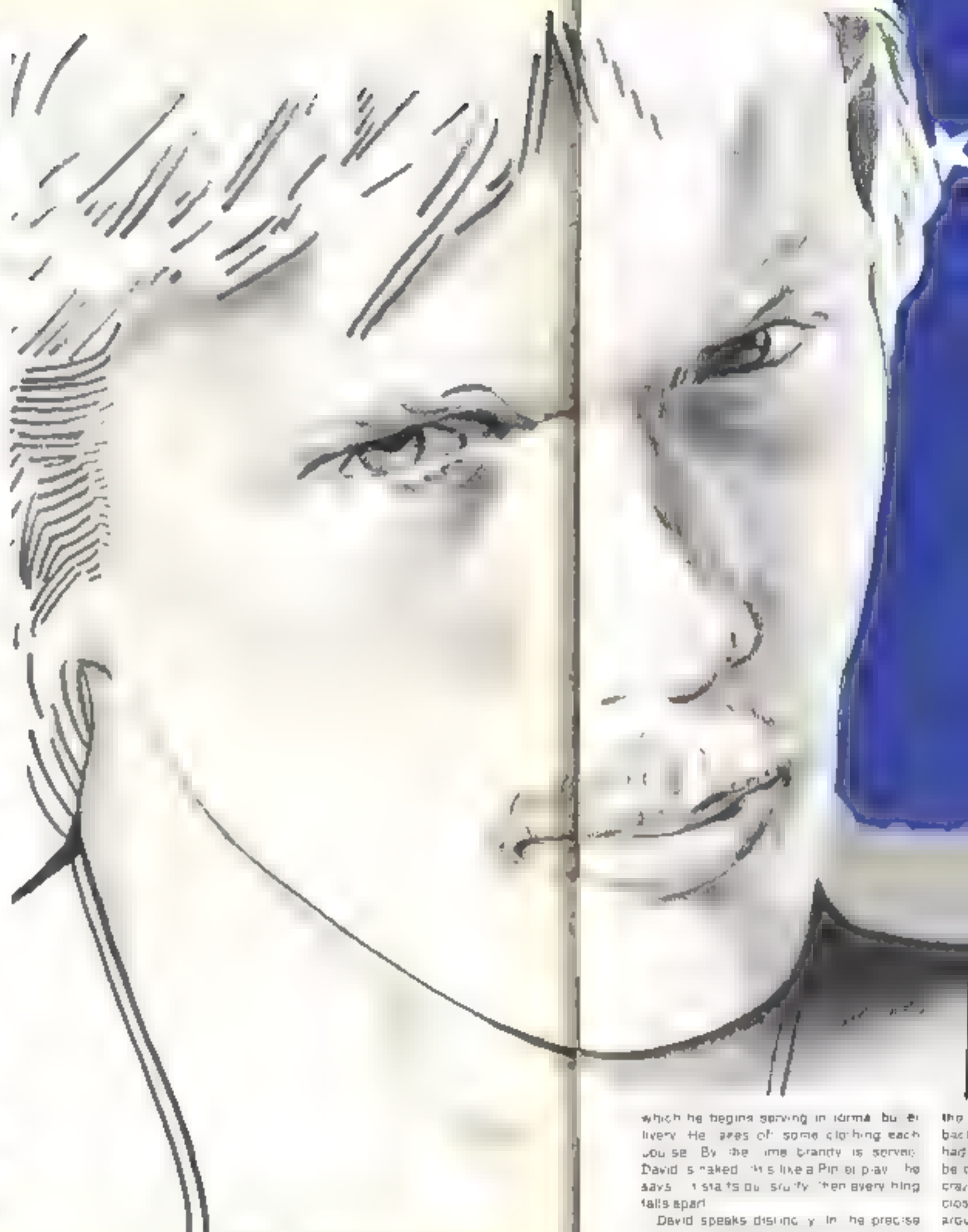
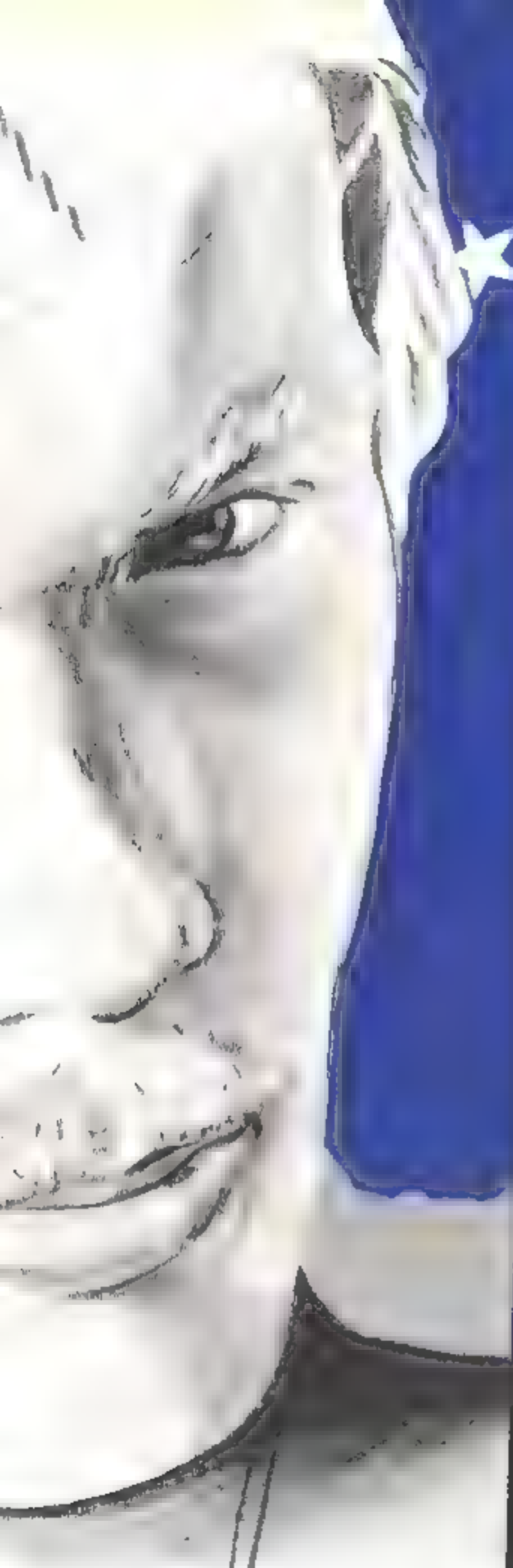


Illustration by MARK O.

which he begins serving in formal butler's livery. He goes off some clothing each house. By the time brandy is served, David is naked. It's like a Pinocchio, he says. It starts out subtly, then everything falls apart.

David speaks distinctly in the precise cadence of the Southern aristocracy. He is

the back had be d crazy close argu were



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"David is something of a star in the discretely closeted world of gays in government. He has been bedded by higher-ups in the White House, the Senate and the Supreme Court, many of whom prefer the submissive role."

which he begins serving in formal butler livery. He takes off some clothing each course. By the time brandy is served David is naked. It's like a Pinter play, he says. "It starts out stuffy, then everything falls apart."

David speaks distinctly, in the precise cadence of the Southern aristocracy. He is

the only son of a family whose roots go back three centuries in America. If you had told me three years ago that I would be doing this I would have said you were crazy. I was from a small town, a very closeted situation. I was uncomfortable around most gay people, especially if they were being camp. I never thought of my-

self as good-looking. I always stayed in the background. I was never popular growing up. I was never particularly athletic. Athletics was equated with popularity in my hometown. I often is.

I knew I was gay when I was eleven, about the same time I discovered what sex

(Continued on page 38)



Searching the World for Mister Right

... Mister Almost-Right,
Mister Adequate, Mister
Just-Shutup-And-Fuck ..

by Tom Sayers

Male Photos by Ray Dean

Design by Ray Webster & Tom Vansling





Jim Sayers, the Sydney-based author of "The Men of Australia" (Issue #52), now shows us that a trip around the world can indeed be a cruise.

Traveling is one of the chief delights of the gay lifestyle. We have certain definite advantages when we take off to safari the world for sex, love and natural color.

By contrast, consider the plight of the

straight man. How often is he going to go into a strange city and find some local girl ready to drop her life and friends just to show him around? More likely, he will be hurried around on tours. Everywhere is crowded and wickedly expensive, especially if he has a family. Then he has to travel during the school holidays when all the other dads are travelling with their broods.

At night when all the ruins, cathedrals

and museums are blessedly closed, there will be very little for the straight single tourist to do, apart from going on that international horror trip, the Night Tour. This usually entails riding around the city in a tour bus with a gaggle of lady bowlers from Des Moines, peering out at the locals, all of whom seem to be having a marvelous time while the bus people are carefully insulated from all the things they want to see and people they want to meet.

They may as well be watching a movie of the city at home. Then, as a big finale, they are taken to a grotty dive which specializes in tourists and where the locals never, never go. Here the taste of the food is even more dreadful than the price.

You, on the other hand, can fly anywhere off-season, in a plane free of screaming tots. You can alternate a day of mad sightseeing with two sensible days of *o ling bas de a pool*. You have your international gay guide so you know exactly what to do at night. You can choose some venue sympathetic to your tastes and find people there who enjoy the novelty of talking with a visitor. Unless you are extremely unlucky, you will find a charming companion to show you around. This is the ideal way to be a tourist. He will take you to all the latest places. No guide can be so up to date. He will take you to all the cheap restaurants with good food where he and his friends eat. No bus tour could be so colorful. Then when all the eating and dancing is done he will curl up beside you and give you the keys to the city.

Now that is the joy of traveling.

There is one little hole in this tale of bliss, however. What type of feller do you fancy? Do you long for Latin Romance? Or do you see yourself exchanging tear-stained letters with a soulful blond? Would you prefer to be swept away in a whirl of passion by some cruel, hairy beast who will forget you the minute he takes his pleasure? Or do you perhaps dream of hot sensuous nights under the tropic moon with a skinned Asian boy?

What we need is an atlas. Something like a wine atlas but instead of colored areas for Champagne, Moselle and Bordeaux, our atlas would show where different types of men grow. The areas wouldn't have much to do with present national boundaries. However, there does seem to be a rough geographical division: North of the Alps and, in America, north of the Rio Grand, the chaps tend to be sentimental, romantic, keen on the idea of a lasting affair with another man. South of these two natural barriers, the gents will probably have to get married eventually and so do not take their man-to-man relations as seriously.

Then there are places—like Brazil and Portugal—where sexual attitudes from the North and South blend. Still more exotic is Asia where you can meet sweet, seemingly gentle chaps who may nevertheless throw a fuck into you before you can say Anna May Wong.

Admittedly, these are the broadest generalizations. We must start classifying somewhere. The following examples come from my personal life and are the product of years of delighted and dedicated research. The national types I am using to represent the different kinds of men are personal rather than, perhaps, ultimate choices. Still, I know them well enough to speak with some authority on just those personal features that char-



acterize the whole. So I have chosen the Danes to represent the soul-stirring romantic North, the Greeks to represent the hot randy South, Portuguese and Brazilians as people in whom both types mix, and Thais as my one representative for the entire gorgeous East and for such marvels of smooth, supple yummy-ness as Philipinos, Japanese and Indians.

NORTHERNERS—THE DANES

There is no point describing the Northern life style. We are all part of it. The nervous, furtive outdoor cruising. The discreet bar entrances. The slightly ghettoish clustering to avoid nasty confrontation with rough (albeit scrumptious) hetero boys. The faint fear of running into Gus or Charley from the office. It is somewhat different in the Scandinavian world. Here a certain uncharacteristic freedom is combined with Northern Romance.

Every romantic has his favorite Northern city. Being dark, somewhat hairy and with brown eyes I suppose it is understandable that I should be attracted to my opposite. Also, being raced off after football practice when an impressionable schoolboy by the largest blond on the team may have something to do with it. My first romantic impression of Scandinavia occurred in Paris. I had been invited to an

elegant apartment overlooking the quays of the Seine by a charming person I had met in London. Two of the other guests were from Copenhagen. One Dane was in his thirties, the other was in his late teens or early twenties. He had cleverly managed to be everything I was crazy for in one cute parcel. Lots of straight blond hair flopping over big, dopey blue eyes, honey-colored hairless skin, and most amazing and exhilarating, he was as brought on by dark, hairy me as I was by blond, plump him. I was head over heels in love in ten seconds. The three of us later went to dinner. After that I kissed the dream of my life goodbye behind a tree in the Avenue Foch because he had been brought to Paris by the other Dane, who was very civilized about it all. Since the older man was paying for their sensuous weekend, he felt he should have first choice. But it was made clear if I cared to visit Copenhagen there would be no problem since they were not serious lovers.

So I went to Copenhagen. But here is the embarrassing bit. I fell in love with so many blue-eyed and grey-eyed blonds there that it was a week before I got around to phoning the love of my life from Paris.

Copenhagen was civilized in its treatment of gay people decades before the

rest of the world. When New York, for instance, was coping with that dreary McCarthy equation, Gay = Communist Spy, Copenhagen was already framing enlightened legislation concerning homosexuals not just for the capital city but for the entire nation, legislation that remains the out-front model for more backward parts of the world ... (like the U.S., mates)

This is not to say that parents in this predominantly Calvinist country scream with joy when their sons coyly confide a partiality for their own sex. The attitude is rather that he may have trouble finding happiness in a lifestyle that is not reinforced by the ties of children and custom which keep so many ordinary sexual partners together. This being so, the Danes feel there should be no added legal or social obstacles on top of those inherent in simply being different. To erance takes off much of the edge in gay people. It is not done, for instance, for two men to kiss in the street—though it is quite legal.

Another charming facet of the Danish abido is that the mature person is not considered unattractive. Old tourists spend many happy hours at a table in some cozy bar like the Why Not, surrounded by bevyies of stunning boys, all joining in the conversation. Some of these charmers—not all—actively seek a slice of mature sex. The better educated chaps even speak exquisite English, usually better than you or I. It can be disconcerting and a little wonderful talking to a blond god who sounds like Prince Charles, and then turns around to a companion and rattles away in sexy, throaty Danish. English is only the second or third language they speak.

Thrashing through the jolly, leafy parks can be fun on a summer evening. The first time I visited Copenhagen, I staggered out of a bar where I had been drinking too much aquavit with an Irishman from New Zealand who liked Danes as much as I. He sensibly went home to bed but I saw a blond head in the dusky distance. I walked quickly to catch up with him. He slipped through a gate and went into a park. Marvelous, people in this park were reputed to be very friendly. He walked very quickly along the path. I had to run to catch up. He strode over a small rise I followed, praying he would slow down. He crossed a rustic bridge. We raced along paths for what seemed like hours. Past another small hill. Past some sort of pavilion. Over another bridge. On and on. The brisk exercise was sobering me up. We must have walked for miles when he turned smartly off the pathway and left the park through a small gate. Here I was, miles from everywhere, at the other end of this huge park and the wretch had escaped without giving me so much as a kind word! Bedraggled, depressed, I left through the same gate as the elusive blond. I was totally amazed to find I was in the very street opposite the very bar I had

left an hour before! I looked at a map of the park the next day and saw that, in truth, the park was tiny, with a path in the form of a figure eight, which we had been circling like mad dragonflies.

The evening ended happily, as they tend to in Copenhagen. I went to another bar to cheer myself up and was literally grabbed on the arm by a Dane who asked if I was alone. "Yes, Yes," I shouted. "And very available."

That was merely my first venture into this park. It was the shortest route between my charming little pension run by a stunning blond owner—no I never got a rebate—and the Old Town where there are many jolly bars. Sometimes I never made it to the Old Town. Randy Danes, lurking in the bushes and looping around the figure-eight paths, waylay the tourist when he takes a short cut across the park.

If you are black, by all means go to Copenhagen. Danes tend to glaze over the eyes with lust at the sight of an attractive black person. But be warned: After an abstemious winter they are somewhat insatiable. Many Danes head for Africa, Haiti, and the cities of the U.S. when they're on holiday. Their story is that they want to get away from the Danish winter, but I have my own theories.

SOUTHERNERS—THE GREEKS

It is fascinating that Southerners—the Spaniards, Greeks, Mexicans, Arabs, Italians—all act much the same, sexually ... perhaps because the three main Southern religions (Roman Catholic, Greek Orthodox and Islam) share a common attitude toward women. Girls must be virgins when they marry (except in the most sophisticated circles). Thus, they are locked away to preserve the package unopened. You seldom see women on the streets at night in most Southern cities. Since the men do not marry until they are in their twenties, there is a ten-year period when a Southerner has a great problem getting a fuck—unless he has a younger brother.

There is an extremely faint, wavy line between the so-called gay and the so-called straight in these countries. What you cannot be is effeminate. The guiding philosophy for all seems to be that fine old adage, "A stiff prick has no conscience." If it happens to be a boy that prick is probing, so be it.

There are those who swear by North Africa and the Middle East. But many men from these countries will tell you that their idea of good sex is to come as often and as quickly as possible. Sounds more like a rabbit than a man! Then he will tell all his companions he has been off with a visitor. So they all come knocking at the door—fat, short, ugly, toothless, you name it. But there are charming and attractive fellows about. Everytime I stop over at Dubar airport I am ravished by the looks of the tall elegant young men in their snowy, elaborately embroidered headwear. They tell me these rich young oil sheiks are looking for

Lufthansa and S.A.S. crew. So if you are fair haired you may get more of a response than I ever do.

To me, the place where the Southerner is at his glorious best is Greece. All the invaders over the past twenty centuries have not changed the Greeks much. In the Anthropological Museum in Athens there is a little terracotta sculpture of two boys from the time of Socrates. They are nude except for cloakes draped over their shoulders. They have their arms around each other as they stand side by side. One has a neat helmet of hair, the other has what we would now call an Afro. You can walk out of the museum and find these same two boys, dressed more fully now in jeans and shirts, on every corner.

I had a pal in Athens once. His name was Demetrius. He was a handsome fellow with glossy black curls over a small forehead, which was in a straight line with his perfect nose. His lips were delightfully curved without being too full. As we sat in some tavern, drinking Ouzo or Retzina, I'd feast my eyes on this marvelous face. It haunted me. I had not been to Athens for years so I could not have met him previously—he had never been out of Greece yet I had the overwhelming feeling I had met him somewhere somehow before. His face was as familiar to me as my own. One night as I looked I had a vision of his head in marble, the whole bleached and whitened, the color gone from hair, eyes, lips. Of course! The Hermes of Praxiteles! The original pant had long since gone from most Greek statues but they were all highly coloured once. The Hermes would have had the brown eyes, black hair and full pink lips that I found so enchanting in Demetrius. He was the exact model for the Hermes after two millennia!

Demetrius lived on Poros, an island in the Saronic Gulf near Athens. Every summer he told his parents he was off to Athens to meet tourists, to have a good time and to send them back some money maybe. Who he went to bed with was not important. But what he did was important for his reputation and self-respect. Demetrius was typical, in that the Southern obsession for virgin women had overflowed into his male mind. He would quite happily poke any orifice available, irrespective of the owner's sex, but this was strictly one-way traffic. Demetrius was not available for any activity which would question his virgin status, even the touching of another man's cock was off limits. In effect, he behaved the way he would have expected a well-brought-up Greek girl to behave.

This particular Southern philosophy flows on in fascinating ways. I know of a couple who have been lovers for some years. The older man is an expatriate South African, the other partner used to be in a paratroop regiment, the absolute cream of the army. A Thracian, from near the Bulgarian border, he is huge, muscled, blond with honey hairless skin.



When they met, the South African was absolutely besotted. He hovered outside the barracks like a demented moth. He showered the soldier with clothes, watches, cigarette lighters. He even gave him money to buy himself a whore or two. The paratrooper, who we will call Andreas, accepted these gifts amiably enough but he drove Ted, the South African, wild with his friendly indifference. Eventually Ted brought Andreas out of the army and they started a small hotel on the island of Aegina, catering to tourists from the mainland. Here is the important part. The hotel was in Andreas' name as well as Ted's.

Andreas now considered himself married to Ted. The sexual activities became mutual instead of one-sided. Ted was taken back to the village in Thrace to meet the family. He was also forbidden to look at, let alone get off with, any other man under pain of death.

The moral of the story is that Greek men do not give their hearts lightly to any passing tourist but if you are sincere and are prepared to accept a completely uncompromising, permanent lover, you may be lucky enough to find someone like Andreas. If you are, however, flighty, you may prefer to settle for something less binding. In summer, the universities, farms, fishing villages and Greek islands release teams of good looking young men who converge on Athens, hoping for a tourist lover, preferably a blond girl from Northern Europe or America. But a nice rich gay guy will do in a pinch. And compared to a

soldier's pay of less than five dollars worth of drachma a month all tourists are as rich as Maecenas.

Do not think for a minute that these students, fisherboys and soldiers are being corrupted by tourist gold. These are traditional arrangements which have been made for centuries. There are many places in Athens where little old white-haired gents in conservative suits can be seen buying uniformed sailors lots of drinks. Of course the sailors may be nephews or sons of the old parties—but I doubt it.

This special, almost sacred attitude toward young boys is one that dates to ancient times. Look at a drinking cup from Periclean times. Among the gods and goddesses, heroes and satyrs, can be found many scenes of youths at play. They are usually nude or have, at most, a cloak slung over one arm to cover their rippling musculature from the gold (certainly not from the admiring looks of the older citizens, who being soldiers and landowners, had nothing better or nicer to do in peacetime than ogle the lads as they trained). A common inscription on these cups is "The Boy is Beautiful." Some cups show scenes of robust sexuality. Men fuck women in every orifice. Satyrs do incredible things to animals. But boys and youths seem to be more in the nature of what would now be called pin-ups. The atmosphere is romantic rather than sexual. At most, a delicate grope with fingertips. Perhaps a bearded man is hugging an unresponsive boy and has his penis rather chastely hidden between the lad's thighs. Rather tame stuff—or determinedly macho perhaps. One is reminded of the anecdote from one of Rechy's books. Two men side by side in bed, both with raging erections—and nothing happens. Nothing happens because the first to grope would be indicating a feminine desire for the male organ and both would rather keep the macho image intact than have sex.

This is, basically, the Southern attitude. Or I should say the Southern paradox. The passivity and vanity at the root of their inflated erect-dick machismo.

There is something magic about Athens in high summer. The climate is hot and dry. You can stay up for hours without getting tired. The bars close a little earlier these days but life still goes on. The beaches are also delightful. One of the favorites is Voulagmenis, on the road past the airport. I was there one day with a lady friend of mine when a particularly well muscled, handsome guy appeared on the sand with another man. The man proceeded to oil up Muscles with sun tan oil. This had a strongly heating effect on my lady friend and I. By the time the friend had run his oily hands all over the back, stomach and legs of this suntanned god, the steam was coming out of our ears. "I must have that and I don't care how I get it," she hissed at me. We evolved a plan. We would walk down the beach, pass each side of the bodybuilder. She would give

him a look to scorch the knitted bikini right off his body and I would smile nicely so that he could see I had no proprietary claim on the lady. She went further, so consumed with desire was she, and laid a hand on his shoulder. He took about two seconds to work it all out. Yes, the lady fancied him. No, the gentleman with the lady didn't mind. He came over and sat with us. He seemed to be descended from a satyr. His ears came to a slight point. The eyes, long and slanting upward, were amber colored. His mouth had a big dip in the middle of the top lip for about a quarter of its width. Perhaps in ancient times men who looked like Muscles were particularly sexy and so got a reputation for extra-human sexuality. While I was pondering these possible origins for the satyr myth, the prototype was smiling in the most charming way, revealing two rows of perfect teeth white talking to my lady friend. Even more satyr-like was the rapidly burgeoning erection which was pushing the top of his knitted swimmers away from the dead-flat line of his stomach. It was all too much for me. I had to run down the beach and throw myself into the sea. I may have imagined it but I think I heard the hiss of steam when the cool water hit my crotch.

Greek men can be very friendly, especially if you give them a lecherous look. We were in the Plaka one night. The Plaka is the oldest part of Athens, on the slopes of the Acropolis, in the shadow of the Parthenon. It is now where lots of the restaurants and bars are. It is one of the sexiest places in the world. I was sitting one fabulous warm night at a sidewalk cafe, beside the cobbles and steps of the main pathway, with the lady who won the satyr. Also with us was a man who works in one of the embassies. I won't say which one. Just then a large and extremely good looking person came down the steps, his chest bulging out of a T-shirt with the Greek letter Omega on it. I asked my companions if the gent worked for the watch company. They explained that the last letter in the Greek alphabet represented the last word in good value. They assured me this claim was true. He had been to bed with the lady several times. He had also been to bed with the diplomat several times. Now you cannot get much more friendly than that. Incidentally they were both right, he was the last word in good value.

SOMETHING FOR EVERYBODY— PORTUGUESE & BRAZILIANS

Less well known than the rough, tough Greeks are the gentle Portuguese. These fellows were somewhat isolated until recently. During the Salazar dictatorship, few people went to Portugal. After the revolution, when the dictatorship gave way to the days of heady excitement over the new democracy, local lads were very curious about the few tourists who were in Lisbon.

Locals and tourists alike gather in the main square in Lisbon, nicknamed The Rossio. It has shops and restaurants all around the perimeter, and has fountains and gardens in the center. All the restaurants have chairs and tables on the sidewalk in the usual charming Mediterranean manner. Here one can sit, sizzling with lust as the dishy boys go by. About one in ten is adorable, and about one of those ten will go off. Over in one corner of The Rossio is a tiny restaurant with five or six tables on the sidewalk. Very few tourists drink there. They are all over on the other side of the square where there are lots of hustlers also, leaning back on the Metro railings, sticking out their peivises and getting a hard-on for anybody who is prepared to look. But the tiny restaurant (which is in the railway-station corner of the Rossio if you should ever go to Lisbon) tends to be a rendezvous for university students. Things have settled down a little in Lisbon these days but just after the regime change it was marvelous how many seemingly straight boys were curious to see what a tourist looked like without his clothes. The first time I sat at this corner in Lisbon, quite by chance, I was having a pre-dinner drink. At the same time I was quietly admiring a stunning guy of about 22 taking at the street corner with another fellow and a girl when he caught me looking at him. We started the old eyeball game. He would sneak a look to see if I was still watching. I was, but I tactfully glanced away. Then I risked another look and he would be caught looking at me. You know how it goes. Eventually the other fellow left, then the girl. Still he glanced at me. I finished my drink, paid for it and prepared to leave the square. I spoke and smiled, but alas, he had no English and I have no Portuguese. Very difficult. Still, when two people are determined on a course of action, language is not essential. I pantomimed.

"Would you like a drink?" He nodded. We went to a more discreet cafe where his friends would not spy him and wonder what he was doing with a foreigner who could not speak Portuguese. While the drinks were being consumed I was plotting how to signal him to come back to my hotel. Fortunately I had my room key with me so I took it out and showed it to him. It was attached to a tag with the hotel name on it. He also must have been trying to work out a sign for me. He nodded vigorously, tossed down his beer and waited impatiently while I paid for the drinks.

My hotel was a three-minute walk up the Avenida de Liberdade, which is the charming Lisbon version of the Champs Elysees in Paris. He took the walk so quickly I was forced to trot just to keep up with him. Presumably it was all magic when we got into my room but I'm ashamed to admit I can't remember exactly what happened. I can only remember us both scampering up the wonderful Baroque mosaic of black and white marble which paves the Avenida.





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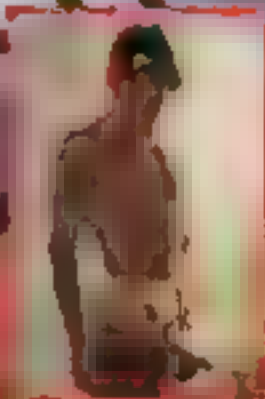
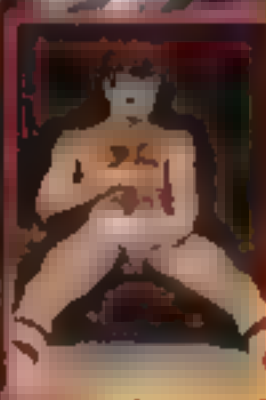
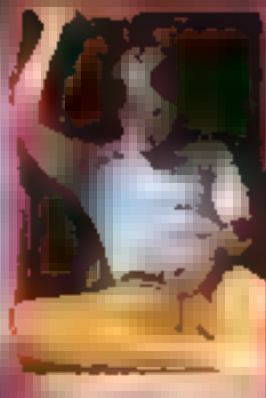
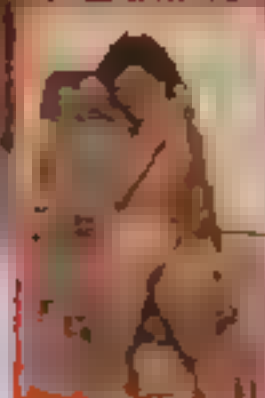
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while thinking how exciting it was to find someone so keen that he was running to get to bed.

Lisbon is a mixture of Northern and Southern sexual attitudes. The streets are full of randy gents who can't get a girl and who are willing to try a tourist. But this is the scene in any Southern city from Venice to Lima. Unusually, Lisbon also has a very well developed gay bar and disco quarter, like any Northern city from Anchorage to Vienna. So it cannot be dismissed as just another Mediterranean city full of basically straight guys who are more interested in the contents of your wallet than the contents of your Y-fronts. I don't know why Lisbon is so different. Perhaps because the Portuguese have always been seafarers rather than peasants. It is something very basic to the Portuguese psyche. Rio de Janeiro, which was colonized by Portuguese, is also a mixture of sexy straights who go off and straightforward gays in the bars and discos. I have a reddish-blond friend who tells me Sao Paulo is even steamier. I find it impossible to imagine any place more sex-crazed than Rio!

ASIAN MAGIC—THE THAIS

When they open the plane door, whether it be Delhi, Jakarta, Singapore or Hong Kong, a fabulous spicy smell elicits in it is different in each place of course but it is unlike anything you've ever smelled at home. If you have been to Asia before, it will bring the whole steamy magic of the East back into your memory. If you have not, you will remember it when you return. I can never eat the fresh herb coriander without being instantly taken back to Bangkok even though the Thais are doing their utmost to make the city an awful copy of every really bad Asian city. Hot, stinking of gasoline, ugly beyond reason, Bangkok is nevertheless a delightful place for those who appreciate slim brown bodies and gentle personalities. That's like a European man, irrespective of age. So much so that a Falang, as they call us, usually goes into a gay bar in Bangkok with the knowledge that unless he is grotesquely ugly or unpleasant in some way he can smile at any young man in the bar and get a smile back which will soon lead to even happier interchanges. A delightfully romantic time can be had by both parties but it is not nice to promise trips to the U.S. unless the offer is sincere. Thailand is crowded, most people get a tiny wage, and a trip to Europe or America is a gay Thai's idea of paradise. Also it is very difficult to get anything but a tourist visa for a Thai friend. So it is cruelly unkind to promise that which you have no intention of granting. All this is quite unnecessary since the gentle Thai will hop into bed with you anyway.

Jolly or no, the capital can be very interesting if you don't mind steamy heat. Get your Thai friends to take you up river to one of the floating restaurants that the

ordinary Falangs never hear about. The average tourist seldom gets past the Oriental Hotel, the Floating Markets and the various temples and palaces open to the public. All fascinating, but spend two days on them at the maximum. Then what to do? Catch the next 747 out, I suppose.

One of my friends once took me across the river to visit one of his university pals. He lived with his parents in the old part of Bangkok where there are no streets, only canals or klongs as they are called there. The visit was a marvelous glimpse into how the sensible Thais live, away from the concrete and stinking fumes of the Europeanized part of Bangkok. We went across the river with the locals in a long thin boat, seated one behind the other. Then we came to one of the many klongs leading off the main stream. As we stopped at various landing stages along the way, housewives who had been shopping in the city, would disembark. All the houses along the klong were on stilts, half in the water, half on land. Everywhere people were washing. All the houses were raised above the ground and the lower level had a paved area with huge earthenware jars, each big enough to hold one of Ali Baba's Forty Thieves. These jars were full of fresh water, which the people laded over themselves before and after soaping.

Eventually we arrived at the private landing stage of the house we had come to visit. I suspect the boy's parents were well-off. We left our shoes on the landing stage and mounted the steps to the verandah in front of the house. Wide, upcurving eaves and the heavy canopy of tropical foliage protected us from the sunlight. I was amazed how cool it was. The swirling water of the klong in front of the house, constantly renewed by the river current, was cooling the air. The family greeted us. They were all dressed in simple loose blouses and sarongs, eminently sensible in the climate. One thing that fascinated me was the floor. Generations of bare feet rubbing the teak planks had polished the wood to the texture of a fine French finish. We were taken through the wide openings into the interior, where all was cool, polished and dim. Very restful to eyes weary from the endless traffic and glare of the city.

I dream sometimes, when it is particularly cold and dreary here, how nice it would be to have a house like that, cool and simple, on some klong across the river in Bangkok. And without being too greedy, a tiny harem of say two or three sweet little Thai friends to look after me, making delicious coriander-scented salads and delicious sandalwood-scented love.

A delight for Europeans and Americans is Pataya Beach, which is down the coast from Bangkok. It was originally a holiday place for Vietnam soldiers on leave. One of my Falang friends has a house there in a high-walled tropical garden. His Thai lover has lots of relatives who wait on us



hand and foot. We are spoiled in a way that only the very rich can afford in our own countries. We choose to get our own breakfast but the other meals are prepared across the compound and brought over for us to eat. No cooking is done in the main house because cooking might heat the house up. When we finish we walk away from the table, go for a swim or whatever we fancy. Sheer luxury.

Searching the world for Mr. Right can be a marvelous hobby—if for nothing else because you meet so many delightful Mr. Wrongs. My motto is that you have not really visited a city unless you have fallen desperately in love for at least the course of an afternoon. If you work it right, saying goodbye can be the icing on the cake.

From Mr. Northern, expect heavy sighs, soulful looks and tears in the aquavit. From Mr. Southern, expect passionate sidestreet farewells, parting with the last of your drachmas and sincere tears in the ouzo. From Mr. In-Between, expect a friendly hug at the airport, true surprise when you put the last of your cruzeiros in his pocket and sad smiles but no tears in the maderia. From Mr. Eastern, expect clinging love scenes right to the custom's gate, having to kiss him and all his friends and all his family goodbye, and maybe a sentimental gift (like a little Buddah) but no tears in the tea.

The joy of traveling is meeting men who while they may speak different languages all speak the same universal tongue. Happy traveling, mate! ▲



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(Continued from page 25)

was. In the ninth grade I gave a classmate a blow job. He couldn't handle it emotionally and it resulted in a lot of ridicule. My folks found out and sent me to a psychiatrist who gave me a bunch of tests and pronounced me straight. I knew that was bullshit but it took the heat off at home.

"I got through high school hiding my sexuality from everybody but myself. I dated and even had sex with girls a few times. It was always a matter of chance rather than desire. I knew it wasn't what I really wanted even while I was doing it.

I went to a Midwestern college to study industrial design. I kept to myself and lived celibate for two years, repressing sexual impulses toward other men whenever they arose, which was quite a lot. I relieved the pressure by masturbating. The summer before my junior year I went on a beach weekend with some of my former high school classmates. I ended up rooming with the son of our hometown mayor. He was still in high school but tended to hang around with the college crowd. We had been friends for several years. I had dated his sister.

The boy was a jock and very much a lady's man but we had a habit of kidding about getting it on together someday. Well, the kidding turned into reality the first night at the beach. I took the initiative and he kind of pretended nothing was happening. He wasn't being exactly totally passive either. Then he got into the spirit of things and a lot of pent-up passion came to the surface for both of us. There was a lot of kissing and rolling around. Well, as it happened we had managed not to close the blinds and somebody was out on the roof partying and saw what was going on through the window and said something to the mayor's son the next day that brought about a fight between the two of them and separated the two of us.

As sometimes happens, the incident blew up way beyond proportion. The upshot was his parents sent him away to a military academy and my parents totally disowned me. Kicked me out of the house bag and baggage. Wrote me out of the will. The whole bit. I had friends in Chicago so I went there. Finishing college was out of the question. I had to work so I clerked in bookstores, waited tables, sold neckties at Marshall Field's, drove a taxicab. I also found a boyfriend, Brad, who looks enough like me to be my twin. The freedom to love another man openly blew my mind. We spent three years together, much of it in bed. Sex together energized us so much we both glowed all day at our jobs. Finally Brad decided to accept a job offer in California that meant a big advance in his career. I had no desire to live in California, so we parted best of friends.

David was surprised when he turned his first trick. In Chicago an old man, a fare in David's taxi, offered David a hundred dollars to spend the night with him. "I always had a good line of conversation," David says. "I found it made the tips better. Here's this guy who basically wanted to continue the conversation at his hotel. The tip he was offering was more than usually made in two days with overtime. I said yes. The man was lonely. He was very old. His wife was dead. His kids had lives of their own. We had dinner in his suite at the Drake," David recalls. "The view was terrific. I slept with him. We didn't do anything."

Later David moved to Washington D.C. to work in a clothing store owned by a friend of his family. His job abruptly ended when the store went out of business. Faced with bills to pay, David called a modavescort outcalls service and asked them to send him their most experienced man. Instead of sex, David pumped him for information about hustling, then paid him for his time.

He learned that if you work for an agency, the agency gets almost half your take. On the other hand, they screen crank calls, keep crazies away and give you as much work as you want. Some services use beepers to tell their models when they have a call. Independents have to stay near the phone if they want to work. They have to talk to cranks all day (only one out of ten calls to hustlers who advertise will be a serious inquiry) and lose jobs when occupied with work.

David placed an ad, ordered a second, unlisted telephone and waited. "I was terrified," he says. But the bills piling up scared him more than the fear of his first customer. "He was not an ogre," David says. "I was thankful."

In the two years since he placed his first ad, David has been given to someone as a birthday present (leaping from a cardboard cake) and hired to model cock rings at a sales conference. Old men have crept on his shoulder and young men have paid him to give them the first homosexual experience. Twice psychiatrists have referred patients to him who wanted to act out their homosexual fantasies. Both times the doctors called to make the appointments. In the service of the rich and powerful ("men you see on the evening news," he says) David has gone to openings of operas and art galleries, munched canapes on Embassy Row and romped in the bedrooms of stately homes in half a dozen cities to which he was flown with all expenses paid. He has screwed in rustic hunting lodges, ultra-modern ski chalets and, once, on a gleaming walnut conference table deep inside the Pentagon.

"An anonymous caller once asked me to report to a certain entrance of the Pentagon," David says. "There I was met

(Continued on page 78)

*"It's an odd thing, but everyone who disappears is said
to be seen in San Francisco. It must be a delightful city.
It has all the attractions of the next world."
—Oscar Wilde*



Tom

MIKE

**He shot all over
this page**

He really did. When we showed 18-year-old Mike Kane our finished layout, he lit up with a big red-faced "Wow," asked if he could have it for a minute, took it into the bathroom for about two, three minutes tops and came out with the thing fully christened.



Spunky bastard!

We always thought "coming buckets" was a hyperbole to be found only in the cheapest literature. We now know better. We had a devil of a time cleaning up the boards for you—our only alternative other than donating them to the *Guinness Book* people.

Mike, needless to say, is very turned on by (as he puts it) "dirty pictures" of himself, particularly close-ups of his peter. The

photographer, seeing Mike's delight, made videotapes of

Mike and himself having a b/j session (the photographer, by the way, is only a few years older than Mike and just as straight-boy cute). The photog reports that Mike "is very hot in bed. Extremely talented when it comes to sex. One of the hottest 'virgins' I ever had."

Mike just smiles and takes a drag.

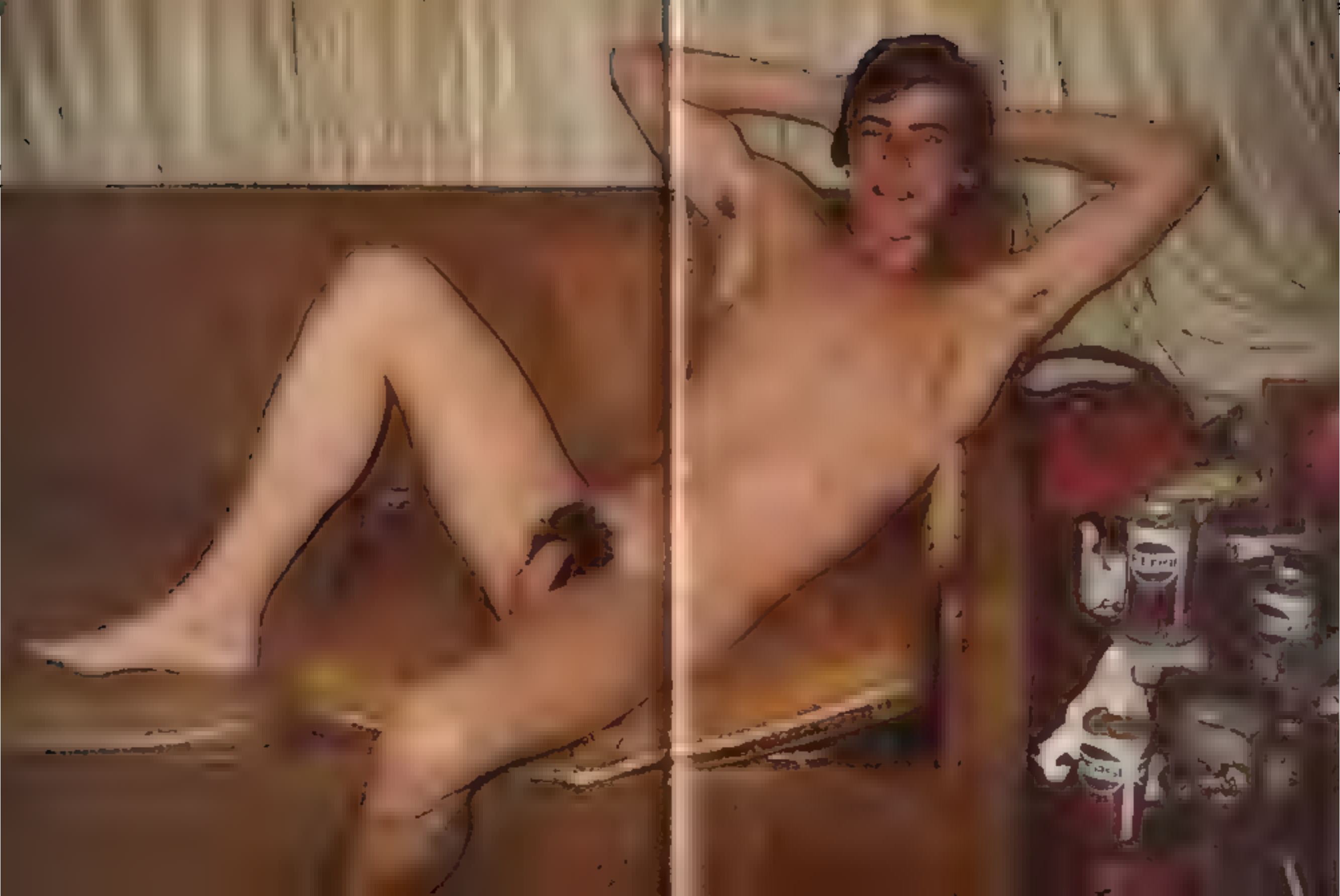
"I basically go with the flow," he says in explaining his willingness to fuck anything that moves—man, woman or Accu-Jac. He dropped out of high school in East St. Louis, Illinois and right now is hanging out on the West Coast, thumbing back and forth between L.A. and S.F. "I'll go wherever the party is." Like a lot of free-wheeling, fun-loving boys his age, he doesn't realize that he *is* the party.

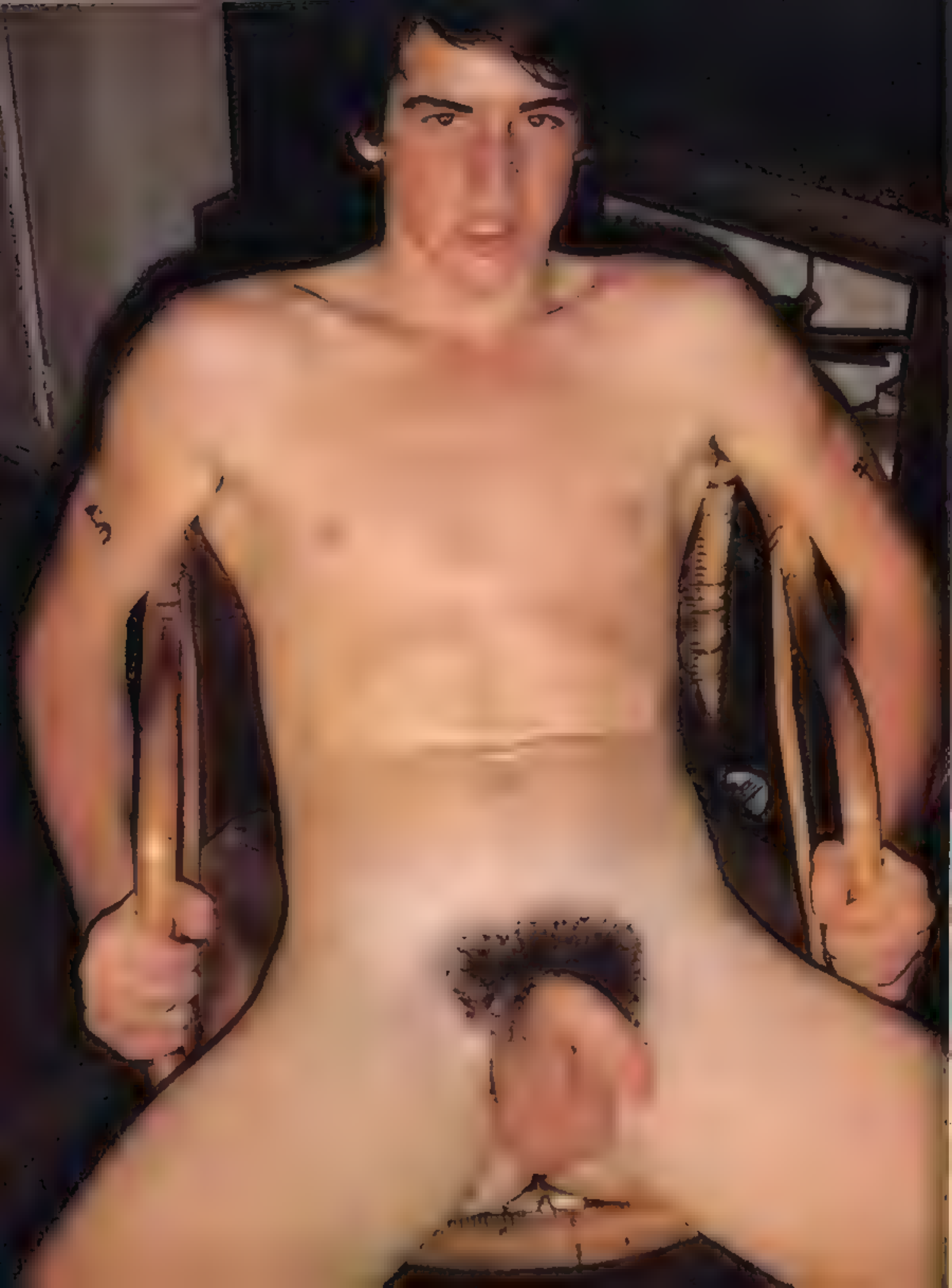
"I like pinball, soccer, rollerskating at Flippers, the girls at Flippers." If he could make it with one woman in the world "it would have to be Farrah Fawcett—she's a fox!" If he could make it with one man in the world. "Oh, man, I couldn't narrow it down. I like the guy who plays Superman and Pete Rose, Steve Garvey, the guy on *Magnum P.I.*, older guys, you know, like the guy on now, I'd like to make it with him." He points at the TV as if he were hitchhiking and indicates a blond stud on the *Young and the Restless*.

Yeah, kid, we know. Who wouldn't want to sit on Steve Ford's chest and jack off all over his face?

Photos by MARX ENTERPRISES











PAULO

***That must be
short for Apollo***

NAME: I want to model under the name Paulo.

LAST NAME: Just Paulo

AGE: 20

SCHOOL PLANS: None

HOBBIES: Surfing, girls, older women

AND GUYS: Older guys like me for some reason. I attract a lot of them.

GOALS: Personal manager of older women and their estates.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING AFTER

THE SHOOTING: Surf's up.

THAT'S NOT THE ONLY THING:
(Smiles)

***Photos by VISUAL
COMMUNICATION***



YOU LOOK LIKE ROBERT
IANUCCI: Who?

THE GUY IN THE CALVIN KLEIN

AD: Oh. That's Brooke Shields.

YOU CAN BE BROOKE SHIELDS

TOO IF YOU KNOW HOW TO

WORK IT: You guys are all alike.

HOW WOULD YOU KNOW:

(Shrugs. Smiles.)

AH-HUH: (Leans back a bit.

Blushes a bit. Legs part a bit)

ARE YOU READY: To shoot, I

mean for the shooting.

YOU READ OUR MIND: Jeez,
you guys.

YOU'LL GET THE HANG OF IT:

(Smiles. Shakes his head)

WHY, YOU'RE HANGING

PRETTY WELL ALREADY: Um?

Ah. Mmmmm.

JUST LEAN BACK, CLOSE

YOUR EYES AND THINK ABOUT

MANAGING ESTATES FOR

OLDER WOMEN: Jeez.







BOYD

He sleeps with his trophy

When 29-year-old Boyd Turner came in third in the Mr. International Leather Contest, he represented a radical shift in leather taste. Beardless, moustacheless, with a clean-lined body built training horses in the lumberlands of Northern California, Boyd could just as easily have been walking off a Russian River billboard for Campbell's Man-handler. Sponsored by Hardware and Quicksilver poppers, Boyd's easy Western assurance and delightful smile brought many in the Chicago audience to their knees.

How many?

That would be kissing and telling.

Boyd Turner has the sort of cloudy beauty of a Northern California day when the sky is crisp and the air smells of pine and the sun, though unseen, can be felt subtly through your clothes.

Yeah.

Target Studios snapped him up immediately and brought him to New York—his first visit—for this shooting and a round of parties. For Boyd—a country boy after all is said and done—Manhattan was love at first sight. This does not even begin to approximate the city's feelings. Though his big dream is to own his own ranch and breed Arabian stallions, he has decided to put that on hold till he gets New York out of his system. There is already a line around three city blocks to help Boyd do just that.

The epitome of the well-rounded gay man of the Eighties, Boyd is both a fervid water-skier and an avid reader (he was "knocked out" by Edmund White's *Nocturnes for the King of Naples*), likes theater, plays tennis. He can be tough but he can be tender too.

If this is leather, we say leather forever!

Photos by TARGET









PAN

He's horny

Photos by
JO BLÖ



We met Pan at a party in the Hollywood Hills. It was one of those parties where as the evening goes on everybody starts wandering off into the bushes to meet and greet. Having had our fill of Hollywood types—literally—it was refreshing to find, at last, a real person.

We came upon Pan in a thicket. He thoroughly enjoyed it. When we went back into the big house for a drink, our new

friend caused more than one head to turn and we distinctly overheard a sweet young Southern thing from Athens say, "Now *that's* what I call a god!" We quickly signed Pan up for a centerfold session and began interviewing him on the spot. As we do with all our models, we were about to ask what turns him on when it became constantly obvious that the real question was what could possibly turn him off.

The man is an animal!

"Doesn't that thing ever go down?" we asked. He just smiled and took another sip of his martini.

"What do you do for a living?"

"I used to be a hooper," he said. "But then I had an operation on my feet. Now I'm a musician."

"Oh? What instrument do you play?"

"The pipes. Give us a kiss."

"What's your favorite passtime?"

"Dionysian revelry."

"Do you consider yourself gay, straight ...?"

"I'm everything." He took a drag on his Benson & Hedges.

"How about some head?"

"Where are you from?"

"Arcadia, originally. Then I came west to get into the music business."

"What do you think of Hollywood?"

"It's not what I expected."

"What did you expect?"

"Holly. Woods. You know."

Come on, take care of this thing for me."

"Mah pleasure," interjected the sweet young thing who went down on the engorged item flickety-split right there in front of everyone. Actually, everyone was not all that offended. In fact, everyone was getting into a line, with many accelerating squabbles over who was standing where. "This guy is going to cause a panic," said the host, who, as it turned out, had not invited Pan to the party. "But I'm glad you brought him," he added with a nudge and put the lights on dimmer.

"Oh, by the way," we called to Pan at the door, "we forgot to ask you if you had anything special you wanted to say to our readers."

"Yes, tell them Happy Halloween for me," he said with a wink and then went back to his Olympian feats.

(For more on Pan, turn to the Nightlife section)







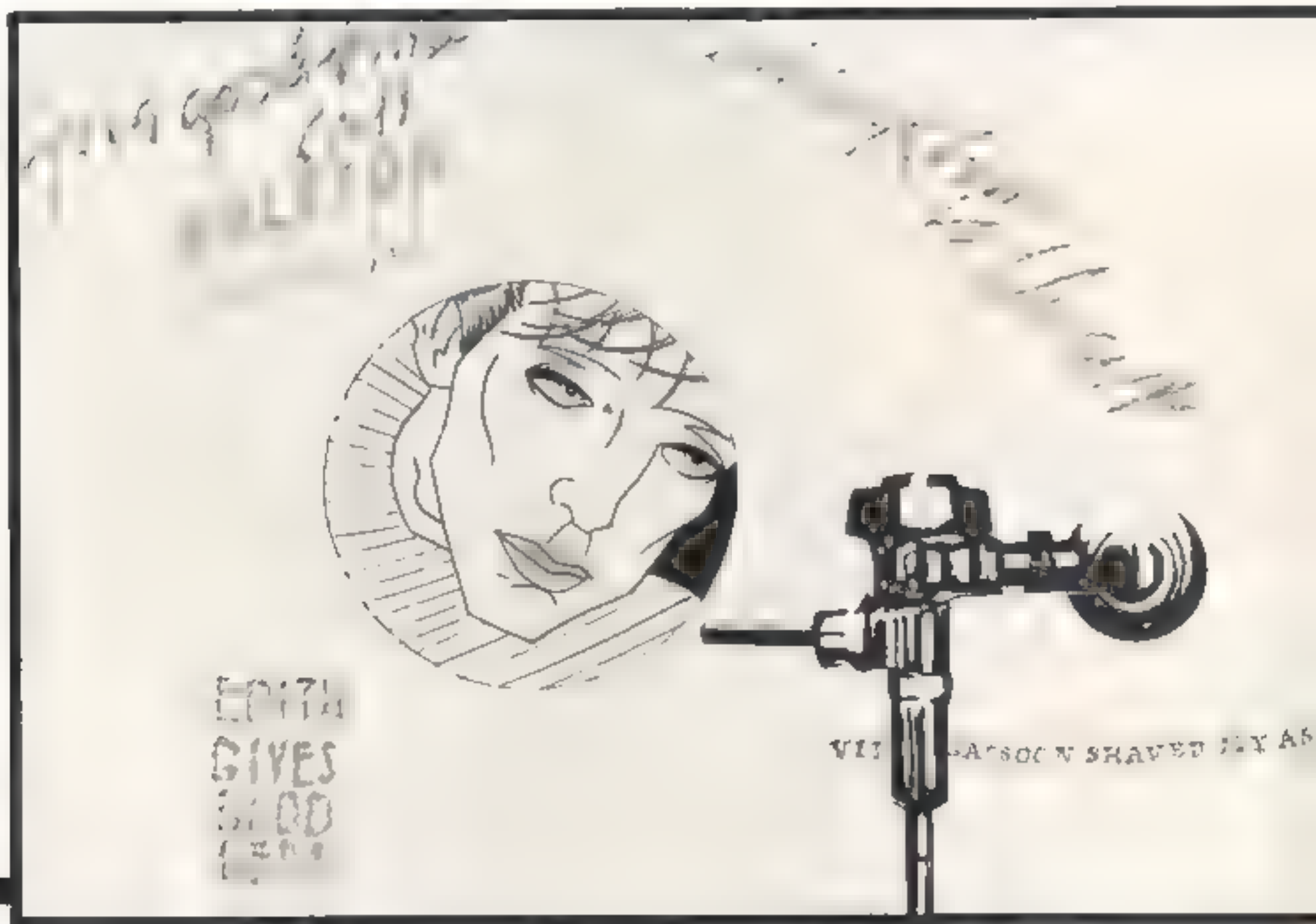




The Etiquette of the Gloryhole

by John Calendo and David Gaines

Glamorous People in Unglamorous Places



THE FACE AT THE GLORYHOLE: Maximilian knows that the height of style is to look good while all those about you, quite frankly, are looking bad. Thus, the face is your most important feature because it's the part that is seen first through the gloryhole. (Not the genitals! That's what *they* do, never you.) The most trying part of any interstate restroom scene, Maximilian also knows, is The Wait. It doesn't wear well. Like

Chinese water torture, it can totally wreck a face. Still, it is always during time of trial that one shows whether or not one has true style in the grand manner. Maximilian has it. During his long solitary tending of the hole, he does isometric jaw exercises—as well as his face, courtesy of Laslo Cosmetics. Hair: Rocco Rushimi. Scent: Lagerfeld.

Note the *bonjour tristesse* expression. This is carefully cultivated. In point of fact, Miss Maximilian is feeling no pain

at the moment, thank you. He has merely adopted a doleful mien because he knows it makes his eyes glisten and, after all, isn't that half the battle? To maintain this effect, Maximilian is thinking no dreary thoughts of self-debasement or shabby guilt (highly unfashionable emotions this season). Instead she sees herself—the mark of a thoroughbred—as a character in an opera, Cho Cho San at the home in the rice paper wall, waiting for her ship to come in while children hum Puccini somewhere off in the distance.



has cables and no problem getting jumps from prospective truckdrivers. *Semper Paratus* is these guys' motto. While Egon blows out his hair, for the 144th time, in a chambray jacket from Gianni Versace, jeans from Calvin Klein and belt from Trafalgar, Helmut glowers provocatively at 18-wheelers in his midnight blue cotton-knit pullover with mandarin collar from Pierre Cardin. Helmut too is thoroughly prepared, having given himself a high colonic with (unseen on backseat) a smart kelly green garden hose, from Ace Hardware.

PRE-ENTRANCE PREPARATION: Egon and Helmut psyche themselves up before entering the arena. No time, no effort, no money should be spared in the putting together of a look—which should be done, optimally, outside the interstate in full view of the other contestants. Egon, for instance, realizes that if it happens to take 1400 watts from a 1400-watt Braun Protector Compact Hair dryer (with cigarette-lighter adapter) to make him feel real, so be it. And if he has to hotcomb for an endless 45 minutes, that's gay. And if, in the process, the battery of Helmut's 1981 Porsche 924 Turbo goes dead, pay it no mind. Helmut has Trip e-A. Helmut also

THE ENTRANCE: Banish the banal! Ban the banal! Fie on the furtive! There is only one way to enter an interstate restroom.

The way Cleopatra entered Rome. With trumpets, jugglers, nubian slaves—also saving from your attitude a one . . . and, of course, the cut of your trousers. We are a long way from the gloryhoed afflictionados of yesteryear who wanted only to pass unnoticed as they slunk off to their stations. How quaint they were, but no more! Everything in life depends on the swath you cut. Style in a sense, is swath, the sweep of mind over matter. And so Bjorn comes through those doors totally decked out in drop-dead chic. He stops, stalls, lets his look register on the other players, then gives us Basic Pose and Attitude in a scarf headband by Lugina, hemp bodysash by Vicky Davis, asymmetric brouson by Luxor Bazaar, plum goatskin jumpsuit to match plum goatskin jacket with leather collar by Tiger of Sweden. On her toes, Miss Thing is wearing meroon pigskin boots by Tony Lama. Prudently Bjorn has brought three changes of clothing, which



she carries in a chrome travelcase with leather trim by Maximilian for Cutter B.I.

Bjorn knows that when debuting at a newly discovered interstate one's whole future, how one will be regarded by the other royalty, the very reputation one is

building will hinge on one's very first exposure. And—she also knows—it's not enough to merely maintain the great impression made at first, one has to keep topping one's self. As in the fashion industry, as in the movie industry, you're only as good as your last entrance.

BASIC POSE AND ATTITUDE: To Jacques, Montana and Bernard, loitering is an art which they call lounging. It is an exquisite interplay of stance, fashion statement and facial intensity, harking back to the *et quette* of the gloryhole's heritage in the French Court, the GQ lay-out and—when the chicks really get down to it—the Hundred Years War. Hanging out at an interstate until the action starts is not so much a matter of patience as a matter of endurance. A true triumph of the will. Yet nothing about your Basic Pose and Attitude must say pressure. You are simply between flights, that's all. Time is a quantity that you have in opulent amounts. You move at 10 frames per second, taking a vague interest in the comings and goings, the changing of the guards, the time-versus-capacity differential of the truckdriver at the urinal. Yet when the move to the gloryhole is made, you must follow through at breakneck—repeat—breakneck speed, often dealing harshly with

other contestants who have come to life just as suddenly and try to beat you to the jackpot. Despite appearances, Basic Pose and Attitude are never based in any true shyness, reticence or gentility. They are merely artificial, societal modes one adopts for this game and which one should not fall into the trap of taking seriously. Like the song says, you have to know when to hold them, know when to fold them.

Obviously, what you're doing and what you look like you're doing are two different things. But if you really know how to work Basic Pose and Attitude, one thing can hint at the other. Jacques (left), for instance, in his Prince Parnessi jet black V-neck sweater over skin and terry cloth suit, is making an early-evening outdoor-café statement that can be roughly translated as "Take me to dinner." Montana (center), in his chartrreuse Lacoste sweater over grey Lacoste shirt, and white lisle pants by Tennessee Williams for Murjani, is



THE BARE NECESSITIES: Louis (pronounced Loo-wee) knows that no serious person would ever enter and leave a stall in the same outfit. At minimum, one's chrome travel case must contain one change of clothes, one pair bikini briefs, one pair boxer shorts, one USMC-stamped jockstrap, mouthwash. And, of course, suitable reading material. The necessity of these necessities are particularly crucial in small-scale productions where there may be only one operational stall (that is, gloryholed) and you have to set up house for hours—much to the vexation of the left-out con-



making a pensive post-Mastercharge statement that can be roughly translated as "Take me shopping." Miss Bernard (right), in a black suede shirt and blue boat-neck Vicuna pullover with matching blue pleated pants, as from Philippe Coquet, is making the overall Black-and-Blue statement that was so popular last summer at Cap D'Antibes and which can be roughly translated as "Take me to Europe." These statements can be further broken down by horny truckdrivers.

Thus, Jacques' "Take me to dinner" becomes "Feed me with that thing." Monna's "Take me shopping" becomes "I want it all" and Bernard's epicine "Take me to Europe" at its down to Let's go outside in the bushes and get into it man.

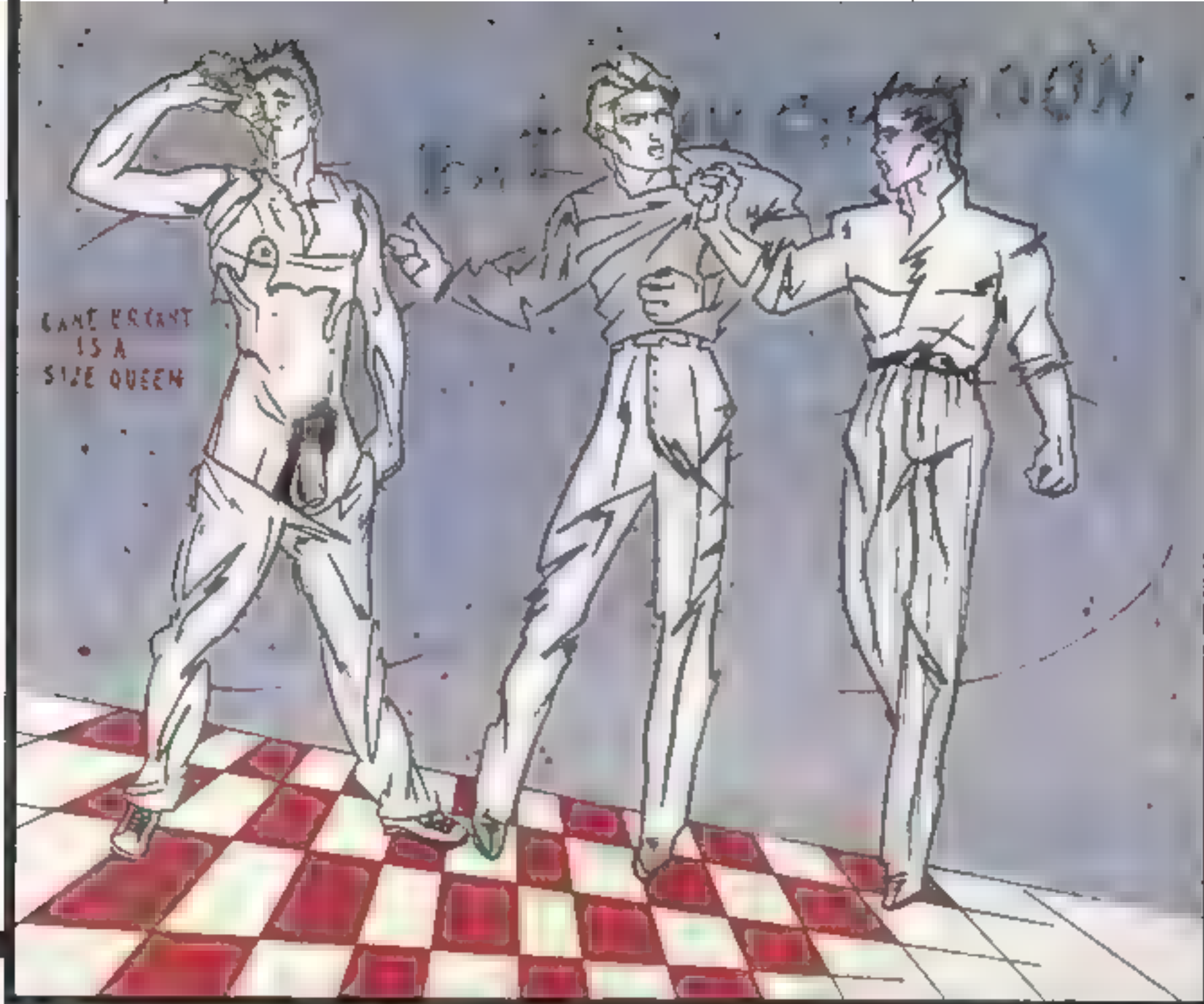
THE FIRST MOVE: Out with the clouds when your first move should be Swift sure, his first move must also be chic. But watch it: styles change rapidly in restrooms.

Andre passes his card (made especially for the occasion) through the glory hole in the hope of making a splash with Stephen. Stephen, however, is shocked by the card's graphics, finding it perfunctory in execution and printed on second-best stock. He politely but firmly refuses, dashing Andre's plans for brunch and causing Andre to sink all over his flax-silk and wool v-neck from Azura Casuals, his scrubbed wheat jumpsuit from Cooky Gugal for the Chrysler Corporation. No space is for becoming from the comely Miss Stephen, who has a superior in his textured cotton-and-wool shirt by Begad-Or, his gabardine trousers with a wealth of fine details like zippered closure with button flap to show cock from Dickers & Dickers of Beverly Hills, and his jade lizard watch band to match jade lizard bar by Immaculate Spain for T.Mary & Co.

THE BARE NECESSITIES: Louis (pronounced Loo-wee) knows that no serious person would ever enter and leave a stall in the same outfit. At minimum, one's chrome travelcase must contain one change of clothes, one pair bikini briefs, one pair boxer shorts, one USMC strapped jockstrap, mouthwash. And, of course, suitable reading material. The necessity of these necessities are particularly crucial in small-scale productions where there may be only one operational stall (that is, gloryhole) and you have to set up house for hours—much to the vexation of the left-out con-

stants, not to mention the occasional truckdriver who may actually have to use the facility. Louis is in such a spot, ignoring the tension in the air that can be cut with a stainless-steel knife, from Hammacher Schlemmer, he slips on his white linen pleated jeans and khaki cotton shirt, both by Jean-Baptiste Laumont. Then decides against them. Then puts them on again. Then takes them off. Miss Loo-wee just can not make up her mind today. He replaces the shirt on one of the magnetic hooks, from Woolworths, that he has temporarily equipped the stall with and gets back to the spread he was looking at on the Countess de Noailles' winter palace.





PROBLEM NUMBER ONE: **ALTERCATION OVER A NUMBER.**

It happens at the time. You're royalty, she's royalty and you've both been cruising the same truckdriver forever. What do you do?

Do as Lauden and Rodolfo do.

Have a bitch fight in the Boys Room. But oh my, oh my. The fight, whatever else it is, must be more bon-ton than bitter, designed to show off your flashing eyes and the way the fabric moves. Rodolfo (extreme right), in his chintz cream top by Le Beau of New Orleans and striped iridescent sharkskin trousers from Beuga Unlimited, knows that what will really get to Lauden is not a list or an unkind remark but the unkind wrinkling of his silk blouson in baby pearl grey by Fantassia Jones-DyLys. Lauden turns to give Rodolfo a swift kick with his Victoria Ricci spectators but this is meant less to harm his opponent than to show off for the truckdriver his seafoam taffeta trousers with button fly and matching belt from Veda Perce for Recherche Truckdriver total ensemble from K-mart. Scent: Heneken.

The altercation must be executed with flair—not only on the visual level but on the audio level as well. Avoid the trite insult. Go for the big sur. Do not say, "Get back, you hateful thing." Better to say

"Get back, you coord-nate like Johnny Carson." Do not call your opponent by the names used for female body parts. This will not reflect well on your ability to convince people that you are really

from New York.

Finally, when the bitch fight has played itself out and you feel you have been adequately displayed in a panorama of action poses, you may settle the dispute by playing a variant of "Name That Tune." Bets are taken from the onlookers as well as the two warring contestants. (Rodolfo, in fact, has financed three

major fashion statements this way) and then the two contestants begin bidding.

I can make that man come in six strokes.

I can make that man come in four strokes.

I can make that man come in three strokes.

Lauden: make that man come



LIKE SMEL



BILL BLASSATE MY ASS I

NOT

SS ON MY F

P

PROBLEM NUMBER TWO: THE LADY HUBBS. Giorgio likes Yves but Yves does not like Giorgio. To Yves, Giorgio looks too... well... *deshabille* with his ash-blond hair, smock outside of his crisp and carefree powder blue linen trousers, also by Basil. And as if that wasn't enough, this Giorgio slob actually came over to Yves and asked him for a light. Yves produced his Cartier lighter only to find himself in the untenable position of having to ignite a mere Salem! Really! And Miss Girl's men smoke Gitanes.

Needless to say Yves was plucked. If there were a hole in the floor no bigger than the one in stall Four Yves would have gone through it. He almost had to leave the Interstate. Almost.

These problems will always arise. If you're a Miss Yves, give them—as she does—a double dose of Attitude and padded cold shoulder in your Giorgio Armani runabout jacket with removable collar, your Oxford-cloth T-shirt from Jaxor Bazaar and your fabulous nubby-textured Cesarani trousers that are com-

P

PROBLEM NUMBER THREE: WHEN FASHION STATEMENTS COLLIDE.

Mr. Ivy League does not approve of this Italian leather look over by the sinks. Radcliffe ("Raddy" to his friends) can not repress the dismissal in his raised eyebrow, the repugnance in his set jaw as he assumes Basic Pose and Attitude in his chenille sweater with grey flecks and trousers to match, all from Harvard Station. (Note the Basic Pose and Attitude variation that Raddy has adapted. He has learned that when dealing with people from a different social class—for instance, truckdrivers—having one's pants down around one's ankles is a phenomenal icebreaker.) Radcliffe can

pletely beltless, pleated and made of unborn aardvark.

If you're a Giorgio, we hope you've learned your lesson. Stick to truckdrivers, queens are much too brutal! Giorgio has taken the cue and is sublimating his frustrated desire into Good Works. At this very moment he is in stall Four manicuring the scrappy hole with 0001 Extra-Fine sandpaper, from Beavers Hardware.

not help thinking, "Those nameless faceless Italian clones" as he glares at the boys in their leather fantasy looks, entire ensemble: Gianni Versace. Helmets with acrylic bubble visors. Shin O'Hara for Kawasaki.

Raddy shifts his weight down temptuously in his leather-and-canvas shoes from Browns of London. He is not giving in as he adjusts a cuff link on his basic white button-down from Ralph Lauren. No, this is his Interstate, he works it, knows the best people, is a group leader in community activities. He will not abide foreigners. The leather girls, meanwhile, are having a wicked hoot at Raddy's expense, whispering glancing, even referring to him—he will later tell his lawyer—as "that de trop lollop!"

When meeting contestants at an Interstate who are wearing clashing looks, one really has no choice. One must either send them home to change or one must destroy them. Clashing looks benefit neither player, so much so that the clash will deflect all the available truckdrivers and the two players may well end up having to go home together. Thus, defeating the whole point and purpose of gloryholes in public places.

Hey guy how's it hangin'? What have I got behind my back? Some of the hottest balls of fire leathermen in Great on! Just turn this page. Those other mags have all shown ya photos of In's yea's International Leather Contest we followed the contestants home. We shot private pictures that'll make ya so leather'd ck crazy ya'll shoot in ya cock! Go ahead guy I wanna see how ya do!



The International Mr. Leather Contestants

Contest photos by JOE SKYLAS

courtesy MALE HIDE LEATHER

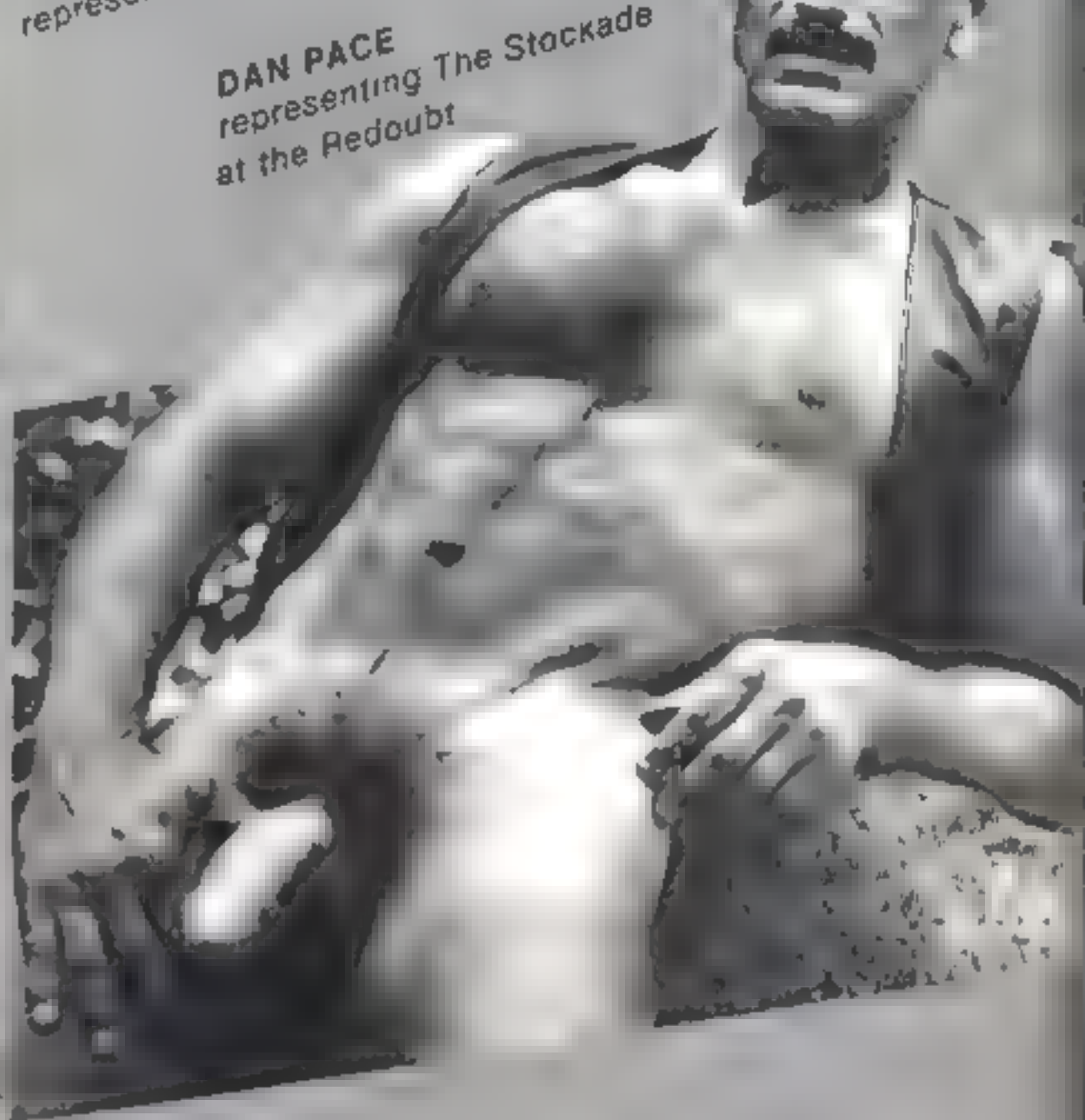
Illustrations by ETIENNE courtesy TARGET



BEN MOORE
representing The Different Drum



ERIC STOCKTON
representing Carlos For Leather Shop



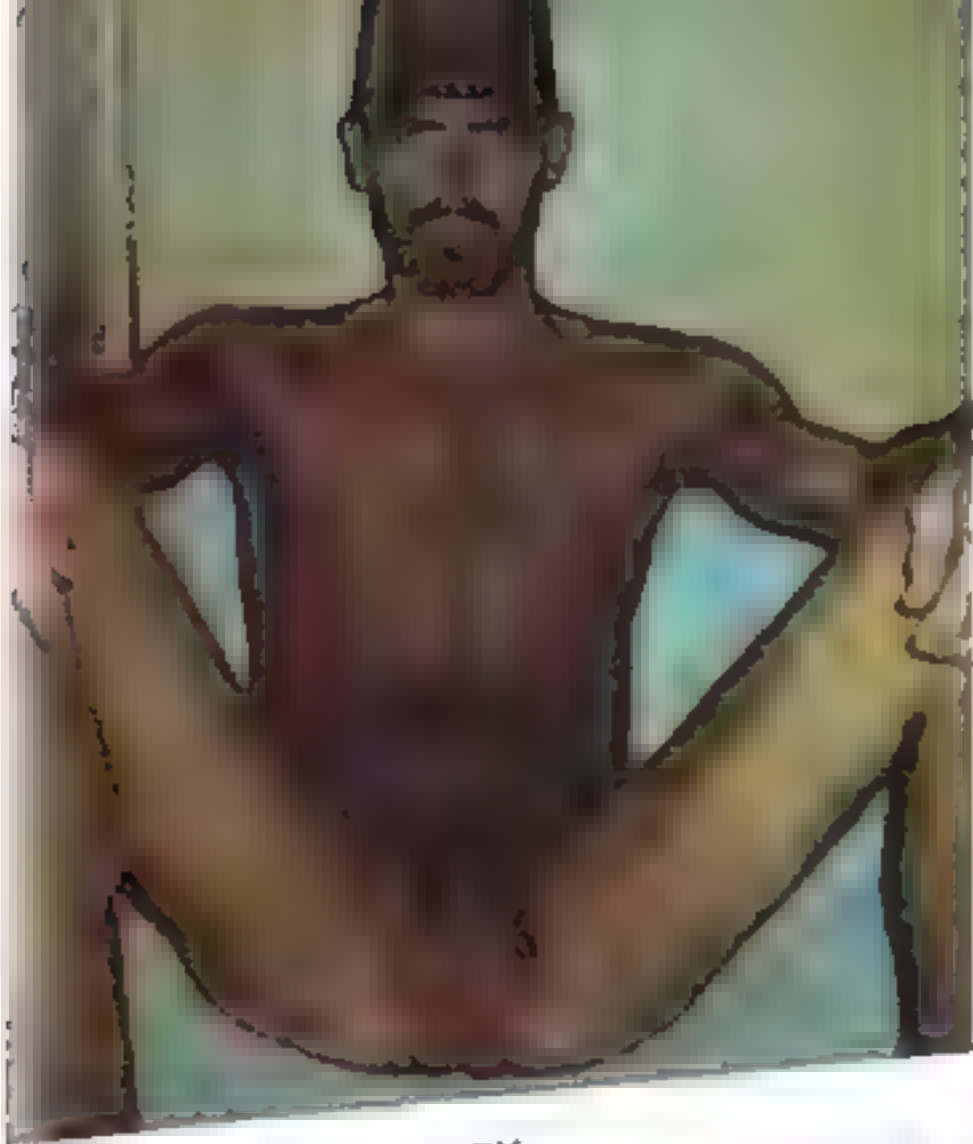
DAN PACE
representing The Stockade
at the Redoubt



DAVID CORBETT
representing Folsom Magazine

MARTY HELTON
representing The Tool Room/Carol's Speakeasy

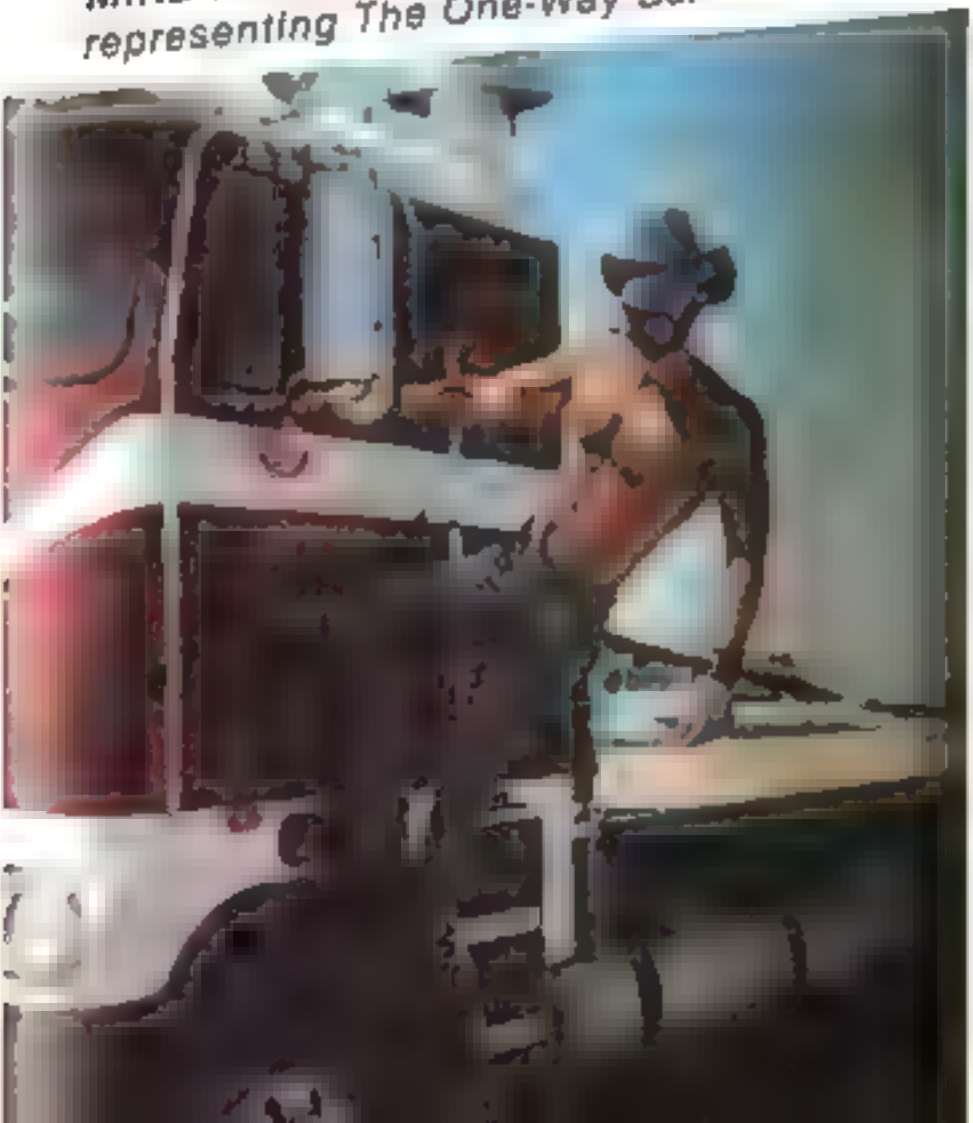




MARTY DONLEY
representing The Leather Stallion Bar



MIKE FINLEY
representing The One-Way Bar

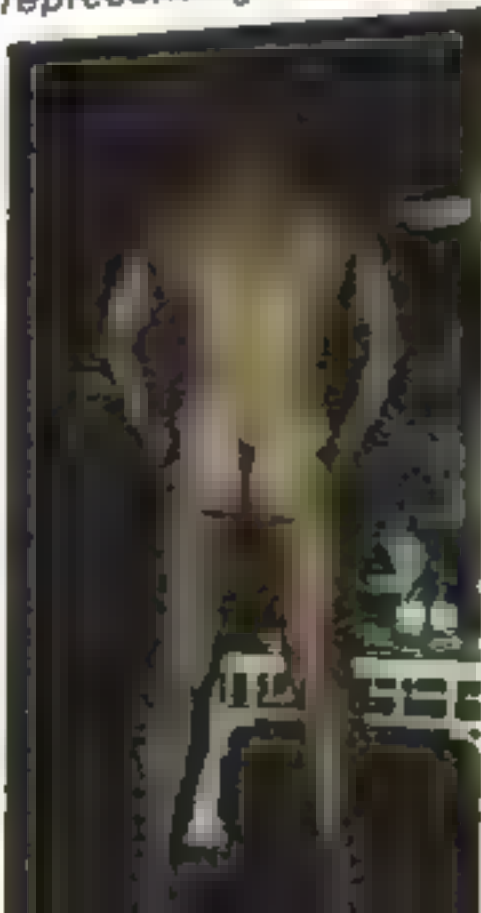


RANDY GRAY
representing
The Wreck Room

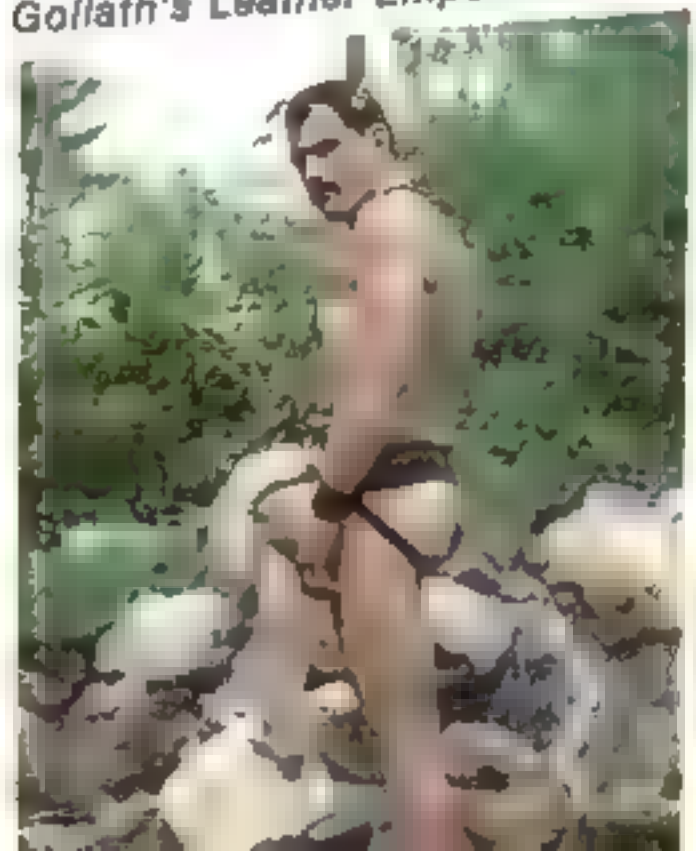


RON MOORE
representing
Libertine Magazine

JIM PASCHAL
representing The Follies Theatre



RIC BOWLER representing
Gollath's Leather Emporium



ROSS CRUM

MARN BELLENOI

MR LEATHER
CONTEST
1981



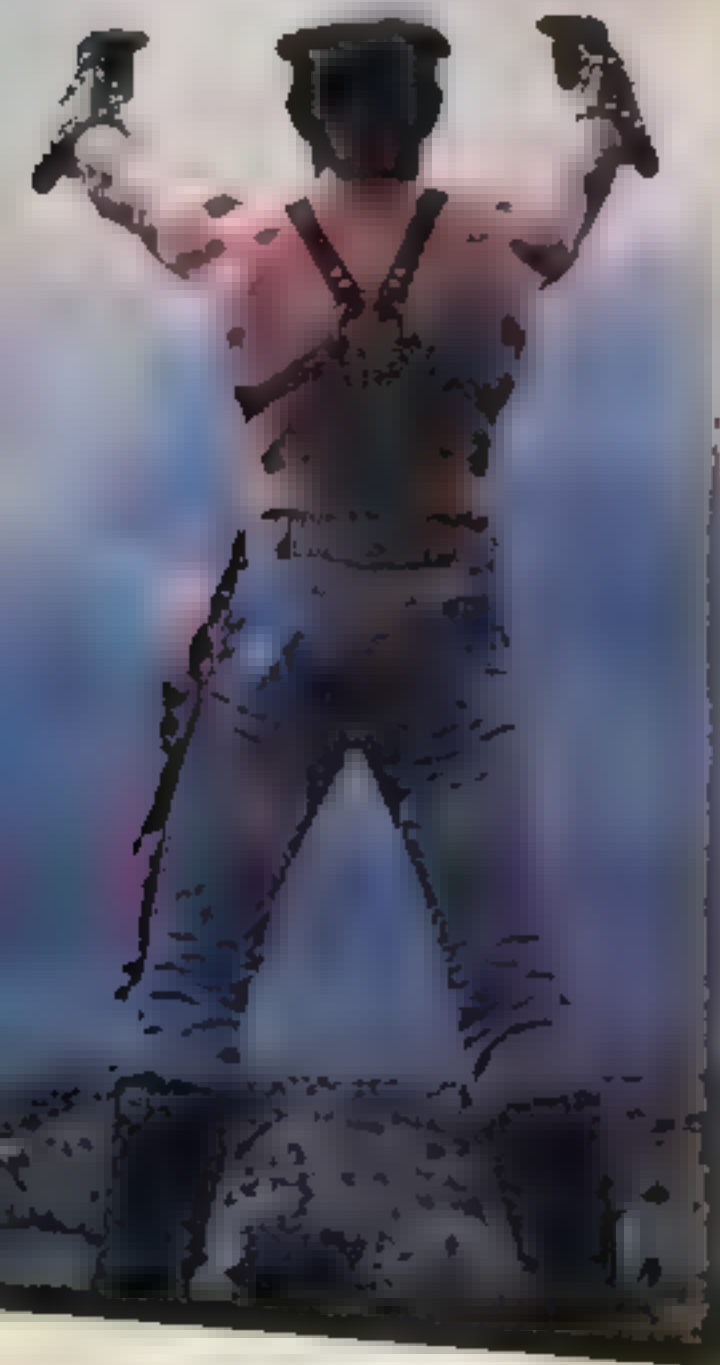
And the winners in Chicago are

BOYD TURNER
Second Runner-up

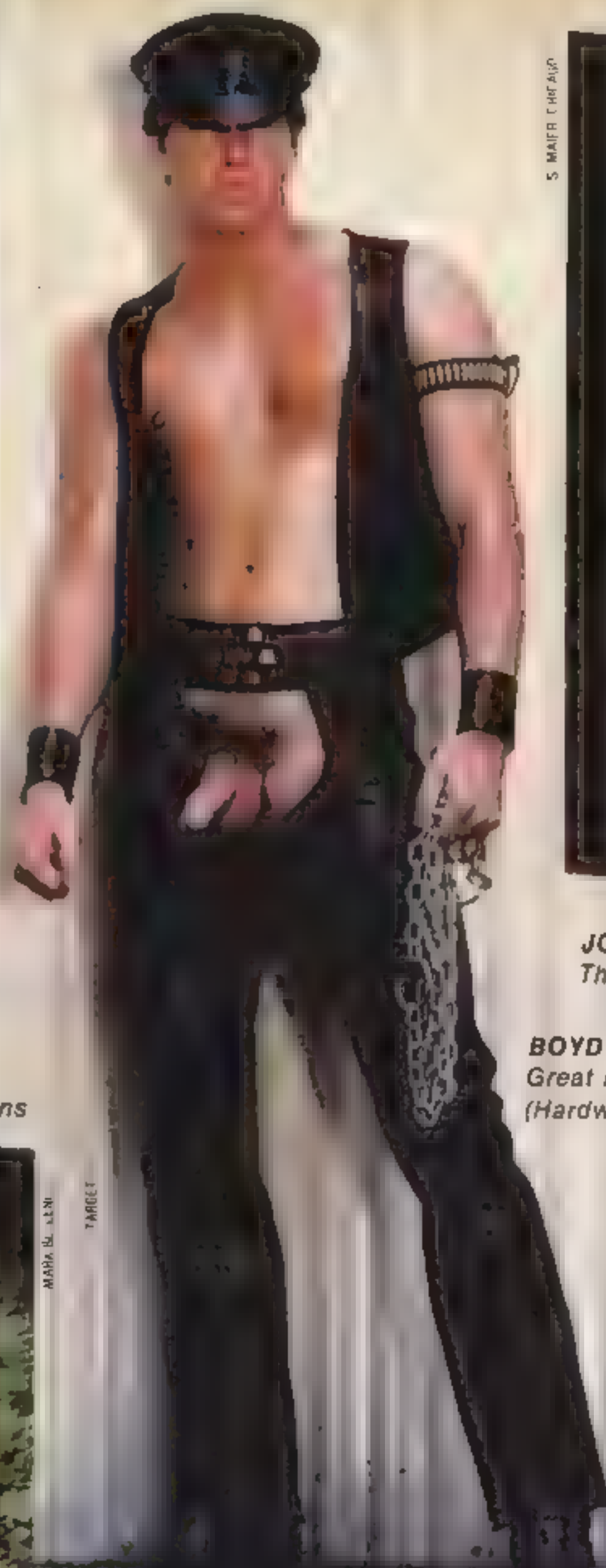
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Call Boy

(Continued from page 38)

by a guard who escorted me past a series of security checkpoints where my name was checked off on a series of clipboards. Finally I was driven in a kind of golf cart deep into the bowels of the building where, with a snappy salute, my escort delivered me to the general who had placed the call. The general showed me into a conference room adjoining his office where we undressed and had a hot session on the conference table."

Washington hustlers report large numbers of clients from the military. "They like to take orders," another hustler noted. "Almost all of them want you to dominate them and give them specific and sexual orders. 'Get that cock hard!' Stuff like that." He told of one young soldier, with an unrequited love for his boot camp drill instructor, who like to be ordered to strip naked and execute push-ups. On the order 'Give me ten!' he drops to the floor and counts off ten quick pumps.

"It's not just the military," David says. "I have been to bed with people at the highest levels of every branch of government. The White House, House and Senate, Supreme Court." He smiles. "Not the President," he says. "Not any of the nine sitting Justices. But high-up people in all three branches. Many of them prefer a submissive role. Maybe they seek

situations where they don't have to be in control of everything." David's family training makes him comfortable in high society. He has become something of a star in the discreetly closeted world of gays in government. Repeat clientele accounts for much of his income.

Aside from sex, David's personal habits are puritanical. "I don't do dope, don't drink, don't do poppers. Lord, I practically live in the shower. I hit my clients with the smell of soap. Not cologne."

Washington is not Hollywood, where the breath of scandal can sometimes enhance a reputation. Diplomats, bureaucrats, and military men prefer anonymity. Their paid escorts must pass as civil service interns or young office-aides. On out-calls David wears a necktie and three-piece suit and carries an attache case that contains only a toothbrush. "Unless they ask for special equipment I never carry anything but a toothbrush," he says. He prides himself on never having been stopped by security in the city's top hotels. Most other hustlers have been stopped at least once.

"'Hustler' is a convenient term but it describes only a small part of what actually goes on," David says. "When I think of hustler, I think of the kid in the street scraping for what he can get. In terms of security and a number of other things I'm a lot better off than he is. I don't have to worry about being picked up by the police

The only way they could get me would be by entrapment. It would be thrown out of court so fast it's not even funny. I know what to say on the phone and what not to say. I know how to lead into the situation without setting myself up. For one thing, I basically don't describe an action. I am available as an escort. Whatever else happens happens."

"There are all kinds of reasons people hire me," David says. "Some of them not all that obvious." Most clients want companionship, good conversation, usually sex but sometimes not. One man regularly hires David to play chess with him in the nude. "I think he only plays nude because he thinks I expect it," David says. He describes the typical hour encounter as "twenty minutes active sex, forty minutes conversation, caressing, laying back."

Occasionally clients ask for things David refuses. One such case involved a man who wanted David to strip, hide in a bedroom closet where the man dressed in his wife's clothes, wig, and make-up (the wife was out of town), then to leap from the closet, tear the clothes and wig off the man and beat him with a studded belt until he ejaculated.

"Too weird," David says. "I felt sorry for the wife."

The red phone rings. David looks at his watch, smiles, picks up the receiver. "Hello," he says. "How are you today?" He hangs up. "Mr. Hang-up," he says. "He calls every day at four. He likes to hang up on me. Most calls are cranks of one kind or another. The hang-ups either hang up immediately or else the phone on y rings but once, which means they have hung up before I can even answer it. Sometimes they wait for me to answer it and then hang up. Some callers ask me to describe myself, then try to keep me talking while they masturbate. Two or three callers a week threaten violence. They don't scare me. They can't find me."

He smiles. "Where was I?" he says. "Oh, yes, Pain. I won't inflict pain or humiliation. It's just not in my nature. If some guy calls me up and wants me to feed him shit with a spoon or tie him up and beat him, I won't do it. I know where to refer people interested in some of those things but you've got to be careful. There is one man in town who is willing to pay for an hour but likes to drug whoever comes so they end up staying the night."

Other eccentricities are more charming. There is the Plum Man, who hires hustlers to throw ripe plums at him while he masturbates. There is a man who has the hustler wear a diaper, sit on his lap and pee. He punishes the "baby" with a spanking. David tells of being called to a downtown hotel room where a traveling businessman had a steamer trunk filled with riding boots of every size. David stripped to the black bikini briefs he had been asked to wear and the man fitted him with a pair of black boots. Then the man undressed and strapped on an English saddle custom-

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made to fit him. "We slipped the beds out of the way and I rode him around the hotel room, whacking him on the rear with a riding crop. That's how he got his jollies. David says.

"Much of this business is about fantasy. I know one call boy who has a truly impressive wardrobe—full military uniforms pieced together from surplus stores, every kind of sports outfit, all your standard clone gear. Leather. Lumberjack. Cop. He meets you at the door in character and has a different accent for each costume. He used to be an actor; he treats each gig like a performance. I suppose I do too, only I always have the same accent.

One man asked David to arrange a situation that would frighten him. "He didn't want to be hurt physically," David says.

He wanted to go on a mental trip that involved being scared." He paid for David's time in advance and left the time and place of the scary occurrence up to him. David

waited until a Tuesday night and went out to his house. He was home alone so I knocked and went in. I had borrowed handcuffs from a friend and I handcuffed the man, arms and legs, face-down on his king-size brass bed, made a half-hearted attempt at padding him and told him I was leaving him and leaving a note for the maid down on the kitchen counter with the keys to the handcuffs. He squawked a little but there wasn't much he could do.

I then made all the noises of leaving

the house but actually sneaked into the livingroom, picked up a copy of *Treasure Island* and read it all the way through. Then I went quietly to the kitchen, put some cooking oil on a dish towel, put wet paper towels on top of that and set the oil on fire. Very carefully. There was no way the house could catch on fire but it made a fair amount of smoke. You should have heard the squalls from upstairs. The guy thought I had gone. He thought my plan was just to leave him to be caught by the maid. He couldn't reach the telephone. The nearest neighbor couldn't hear him screaming. He was scared he was going to burn to death. Now the fire is out, just a little smoke. I go back upstairs and jump on the bed. Now he knows I'm there and his fear of fire is basically over. I pretend I'm raping him and finally set him free.

Recently a well-dressed gentleman with a foreign accent appeared at David's door.

He seemed like a duck out of water. David recalls, "not even closet gay. We talked for about a half hour, then he paid me and left. Two weeks later he called. He wanted me to see someone for him. Ah, I thought, he must be a straight business man entertaining a client he knows to be gay. That happens.

"An hour later there is a tap at my door. There are two people there. One of them is huge, with solid muscles, black suit and chauffeur's cap. More bodyguard than driver. The other is a fourteen-year-old boy

who is to be my client. The kid is quaking in his boots, scared to death. The other guy hustles him in. It turns out the kid is in this country for his education. His uncle (the man I saw before) is a top-level diplomat. He had decided the boy should be introduced to sex so he hired me to show him what was what between men.

The uncle was trying but I disagreed with his philosophy. I sent the chauffeur away and took the kid to Georgetown for lunch—on him—then to a bookstore where I bought him both *The Joy of Sex* and *The Joy of Gay Sex*. I got him a big ice cream cone and put him in a taxi back to his embassy. I sent the uncle a note suggesting the boy was better off working things out with his peers. Let him learn by himself. The uncle sent me a check for two hundred dollars.

The red phone rings again. David answers it, listens for a moment, then reaches for a pencil. "Sounds good to me," he says, writing hurriedly on a notepad.

"See you at seven thirty," he says, then hangs up. "A call from the Hyatt Regency," he says. "One night I had five calls in a row from that hotel. I'd no sooner get home than I was off again. I wondered if someone had put my number on a bathroom wall. It turned out to be a convention; these guys were passing my name around.

Most male hustlers, unlike most female hookers, genuinely enjoy sex. Unless they



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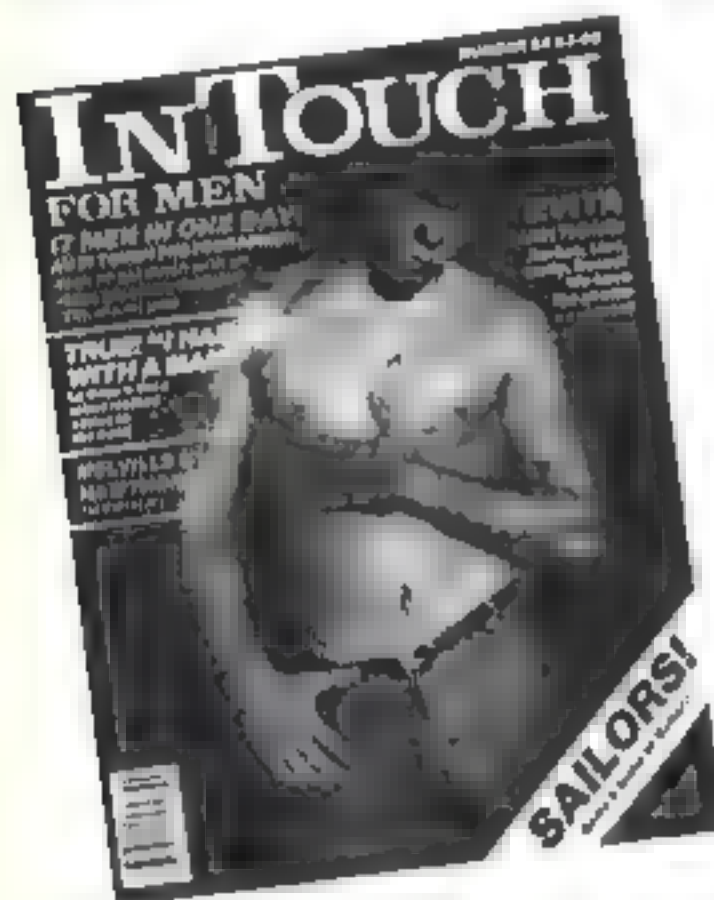
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#46 (JULY/AUG.)
Aish Bates Toronto Sports, Fashion, Ballet, Billy Hayes Hockey Night in Canada Victor Armandi Revisited, An of Bob France, Gordon of Khartoum

#48 (SEPT./OCT.)
Nature Men Triathlon Roger Moore, Las Vegas, Manhunt A to Z Skat Brothers, Color Me Hung coverman Rex Johnson

#50 (NOV./DEC.)
Anniversary Issue, How to Pick Up Str Eight Men 7 Years of In Touch Models, Men of the Olympic Gymnastics Team, Chicken interview with Zach Box-Office Gays Tom of Finland

1981

#51 (JANUARY)
Gay Rodeo in Reno, Best Chest in the West, Mark Hamill, Facelift—What Every Man Should Know, Caring for Leather, Gay Marine Reveals His "Favorite Things," Tom of Finland

#52 (FEBRUARY)
Men of Australia Sexual Psychology of Color Mud Wrestling, Prince Charles, Military Discharge, Angel Babes, Socrates and the Golden Warrior, coverman Mario

#53 (MARCH)
Richard Gere Sex in Prison, How to Pick Up the Barender Naked on Madison Avenue, 1980 Men Revisited, Shooting the Rapids, Souvenir of Mexico, coverman Kirby Scott Tom of Finland

#54 (APRIL)
Chris Atkins Sex Life of Tarzan, Sexer, Case Hunks of Meat, Rip—Cruising in Sex City, City Men in the Jungle, Men in the City, coverman Tony Hill Tom of Finland

#55 (MAY)
Caring Couch, Mr. Star Salute to Sailors, Gay B in the Navy, Evita Auditions, Michel Serrault, Melville & Hawthorne, coverman Brad Davis plus Adam Bladder Steve Foster, Carl Flores

#56 (JUNE)
Psychic Predicts for Gay Rights, Strip, Vanessa Redgrave, The Daddy Mystique, Happy Father's Day, Gay Parade Book, Our Heritage of Pride, coverman Joe Davis plus Fred Maisted, Mark Ramsey Takulah the dog

#57 (JULY)
Summer Sports Spectacular, The Boys at the Beach, The 10 Sexiest Men in Sports, The Golden Gladiator, Secluded Summer, Karaoke Kammerl, Tom of Finland, coverman Christian De Vito, plus Billy Bop, Don Bishop, Gregg Strom

#58 (AUGUST)
Hollywood as a State of Mind, Legend on Drinks, The Film of Crotch, B-Movie on Castro Street, The Gay Filmography, Mocracy for Hollywood, Tom of Finland, coverman Jean-Robert Le Cocq plus Zoltan Glenn Denard, Curtis Robbins

#59 (SEPTEMBER)
Back to School Issue, Freshmen, Wrestling, Those Naughty Naughty Schoolboys, Master Thesis, Pop Quiz in Touch Sex Poll, Memories of a Naked Boyhood, Tom of Finland, coverman Peter plus Robert Cooper, Tex Murdock, Charlie Cross

work for a service, they are prone to forego payment when the chemistry is right.

One time I answered a call, and discovered when I arrived at the address the man who was to be my client was someone I had twice tried unsuccessfully to pick up at a bar," David says. "He didn't recognize me, and we had great sex together. When it came time to pay I told him the story and refused to take his money. We've gotten together since."

David smiles. "I'd be promiscuous even if I didn't make my living the way I do," he says. "The best relaxation from having sex with people I wouldn't ordinarily choose is having sex with people I do choose. Sometimes clients turn into lovers. Not often, but it happens." In David's life there's one young man "who may or may not be gay" who came to David as a client. "We have many of the same interests," David says. "To my knowledge I am the only man he has been to bed with. I refuse to take his money. I would adore to have him as my lover."

Realistically, David doesn't think it will happen. "It will be many tomorrows before he's at the point of being ready to live with a gay guy," he says, "meaning he's got to untangle his own sexuality first. The day he does, I'm ready. I would quit this business in a heartbeat and work a minimum-wage job if he were willing to set up a situation where we could be together." David's pensive look softens to a smile. "Let me tell you about another time I worked for free," he says.

I received a call from one of a pair of twin brothers who wanted me to help him and his twin celebrate their graduation from high school. I don't need to describe these guys to you. Suffice it to say they were prime American meat, blond jocks built like linebackers. My fantasy, for God's sake. They had long wanted to get it on together but they needed another male to break the ice. First they wanted me to kind of demonstrate what was possible. I got down with them one at a time while the other one hovered over us like a referee. Then I turned them loose on each other. As you might expect, things got very passionate. After about an hour they brought me back into the picture and I showed them some tricks for three. We ended up sleeping all tangled together, very happy and very satisfied."

Hustling, David says, is a test of how well you get along with people, accepting them on their own terms. He claims success at hustling and the experience of being paid to socialize has increased his confidence in his own appeal. It has given him the kind of self-assurance that is self-fulfilling. He has learned that attractiveness is mostly attitude. "I've learned that I can handle people on any level and almost instantly," he says. "I can walk into a situation and read exactly what the person wants. It's amazing if I never made a penny, I've learned enough about myself to have paid for the experience." ▲

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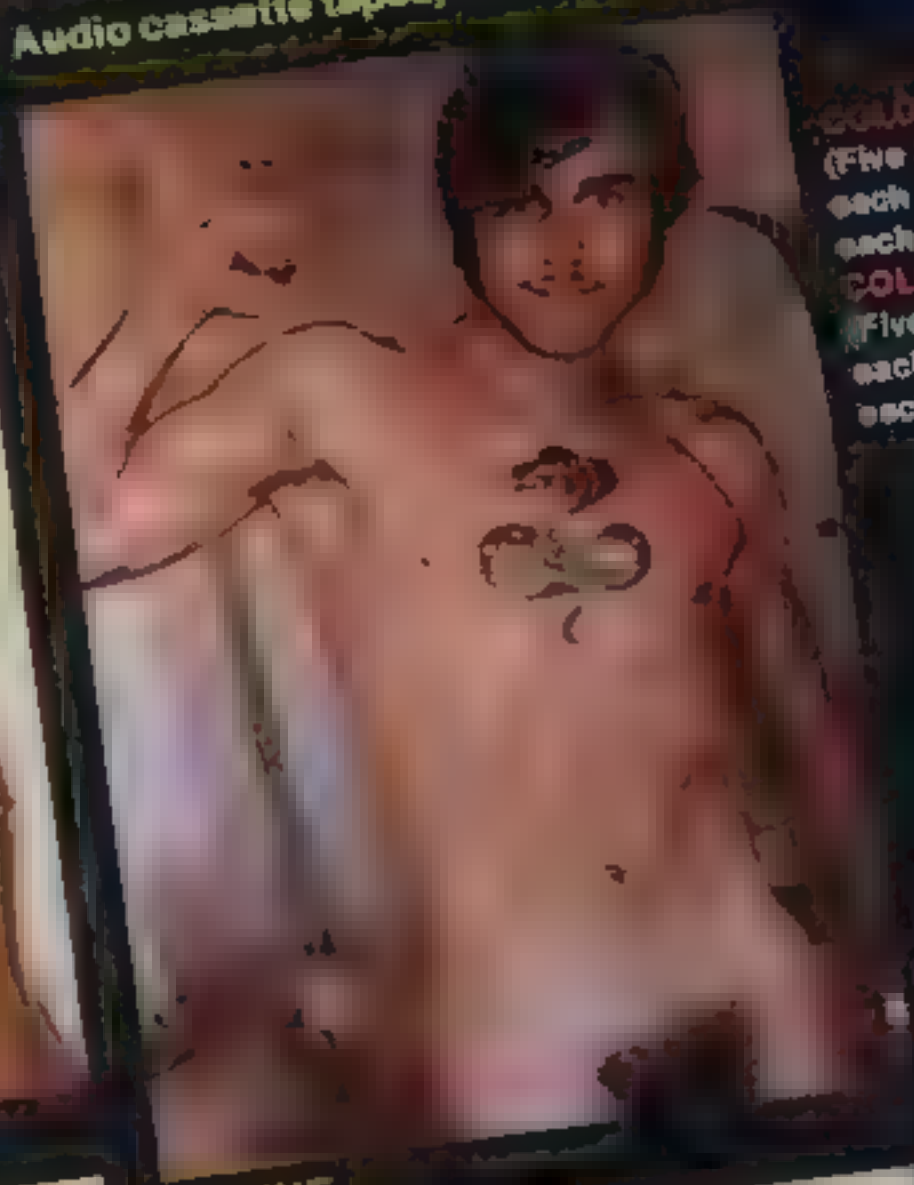
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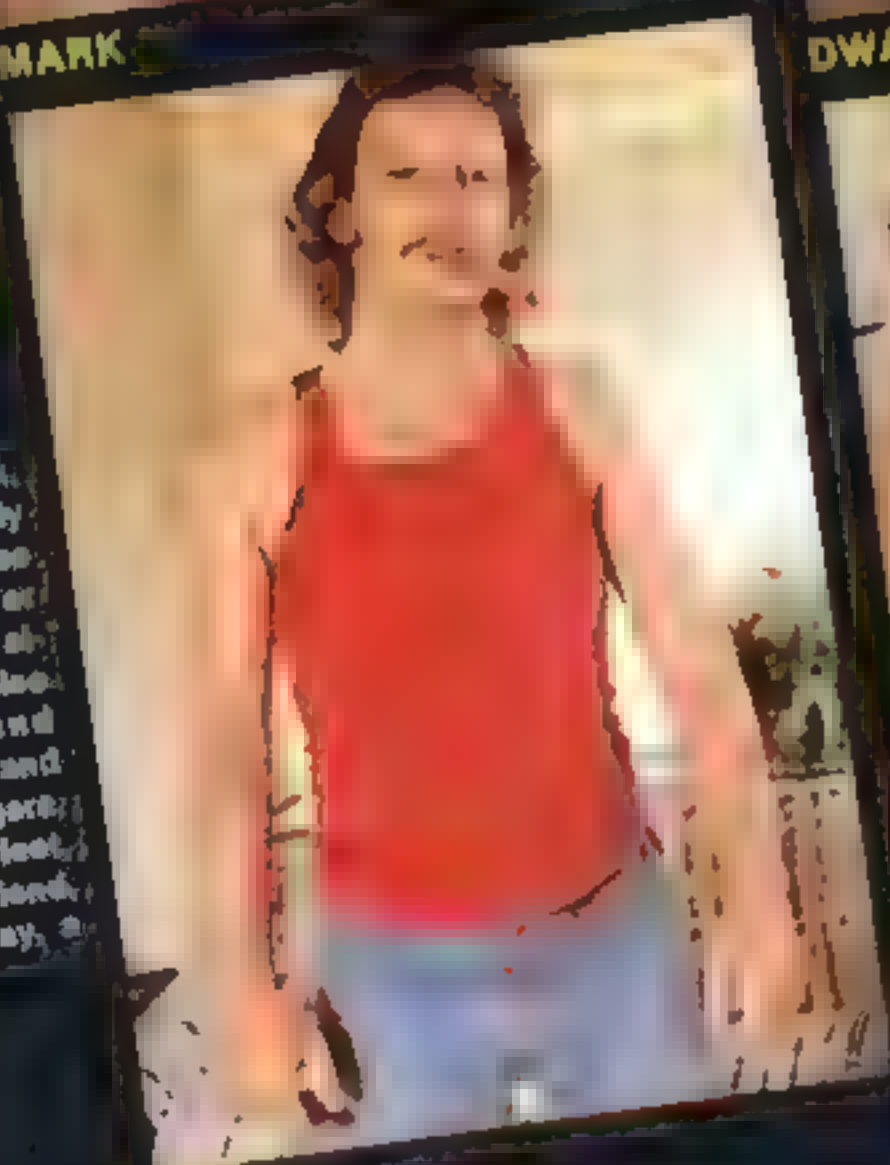


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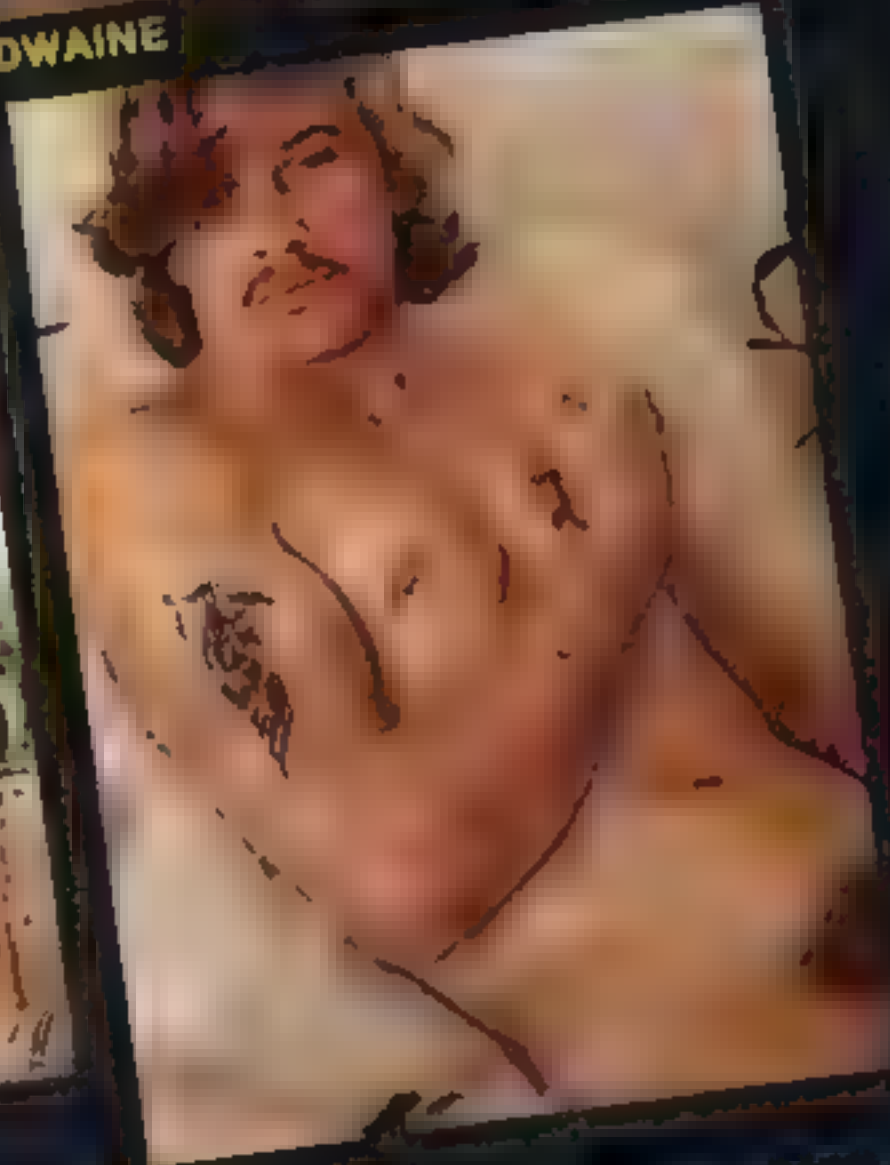


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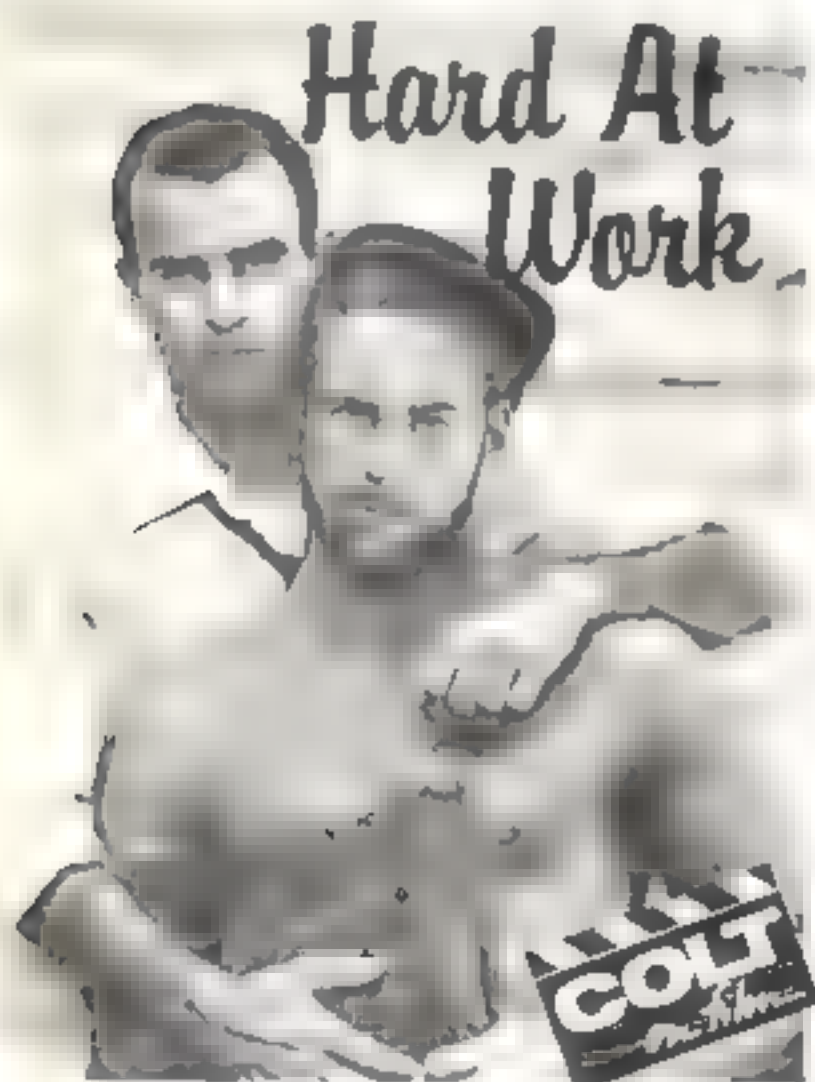
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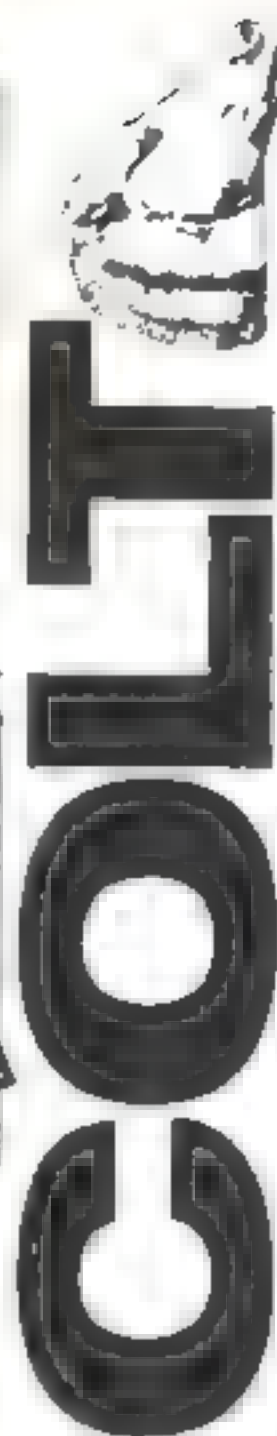
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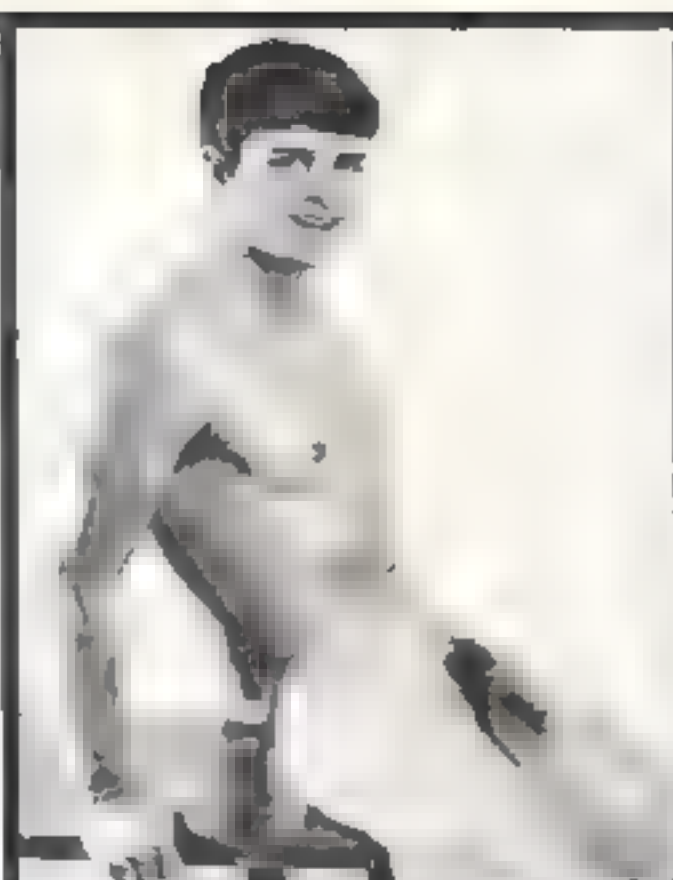
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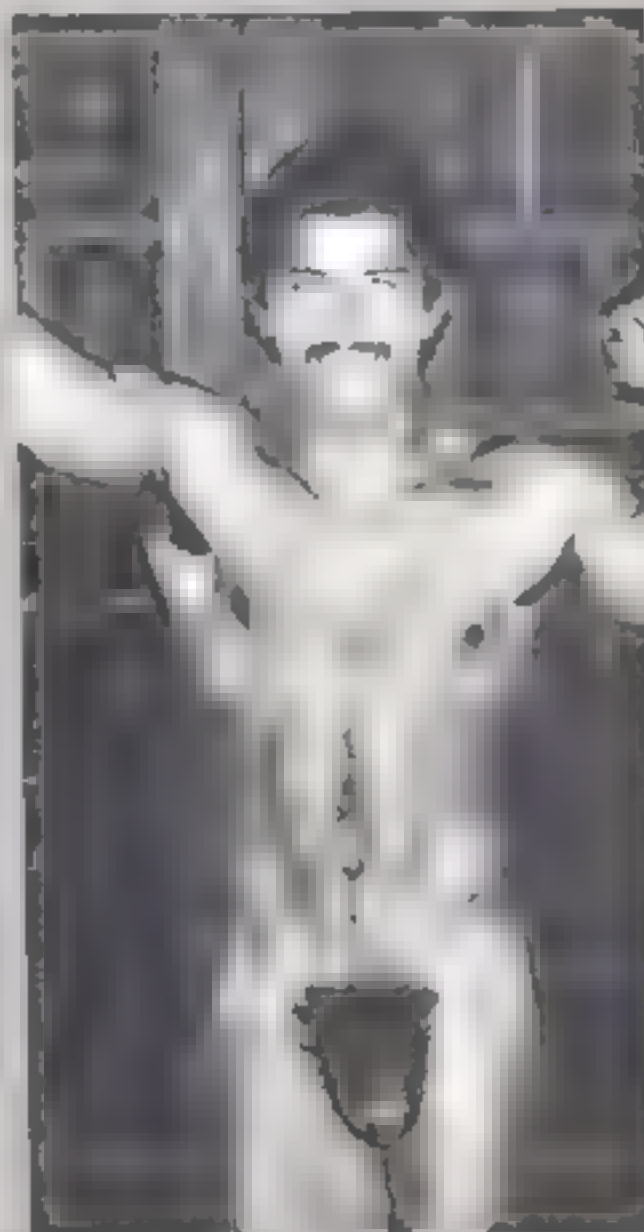
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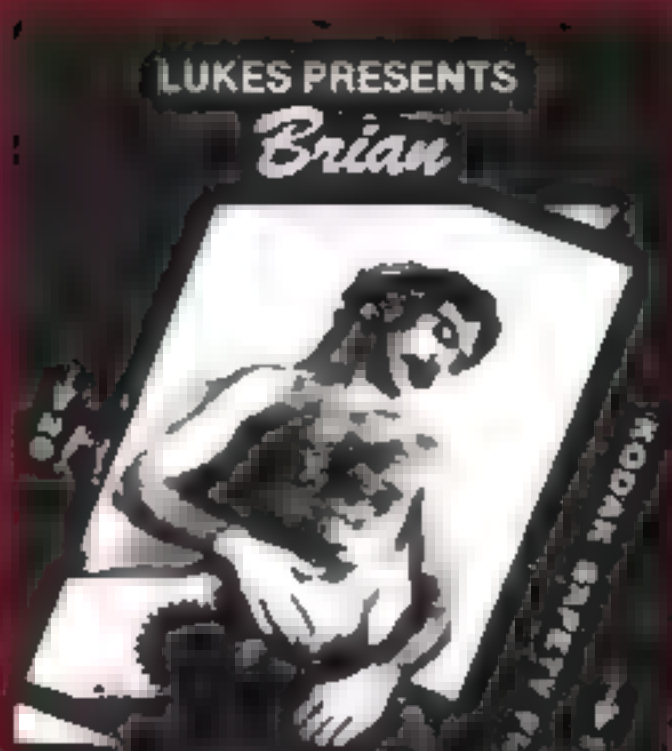
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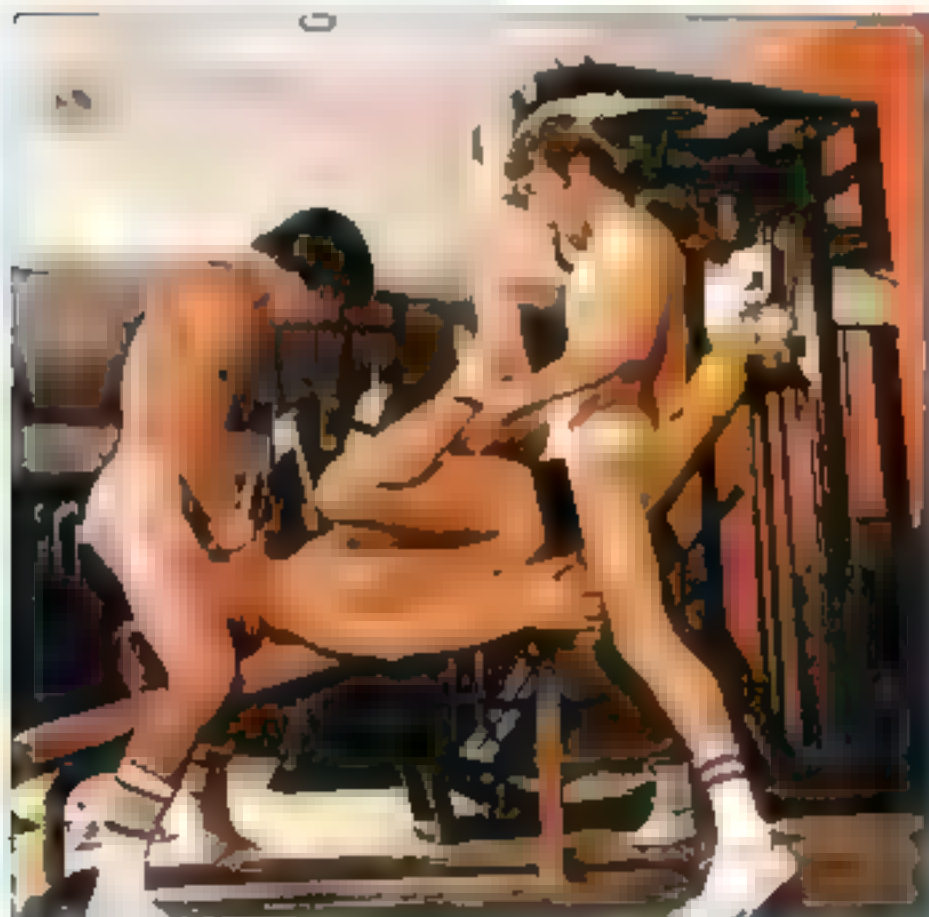
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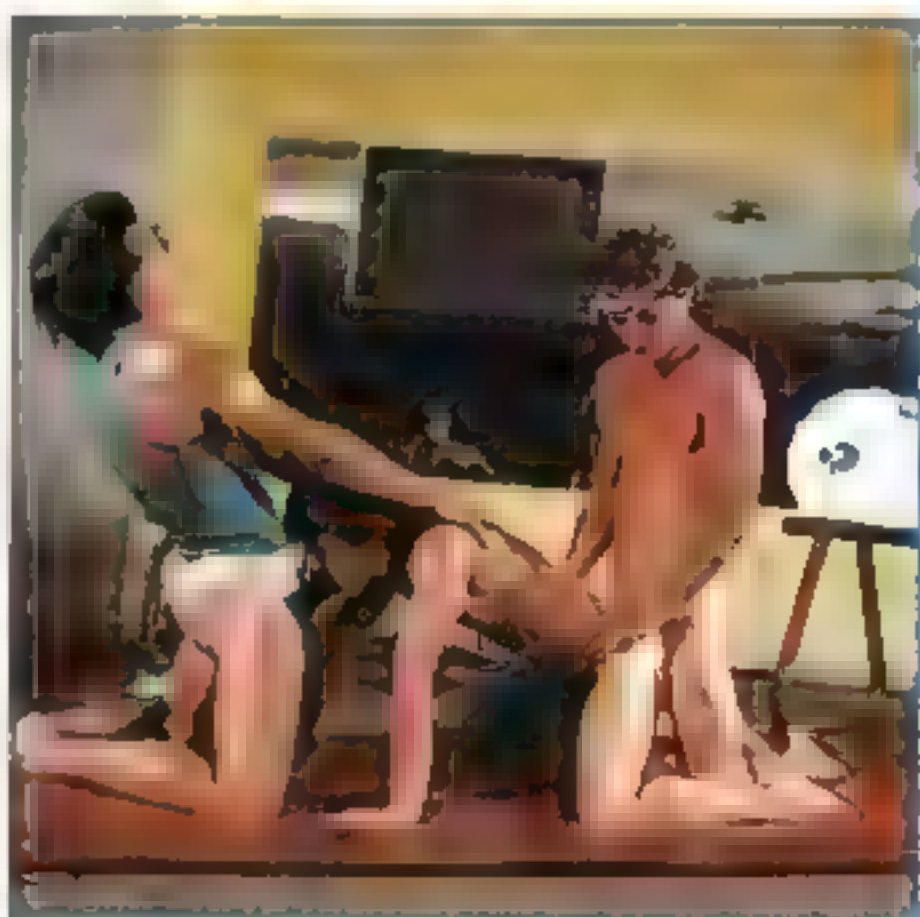
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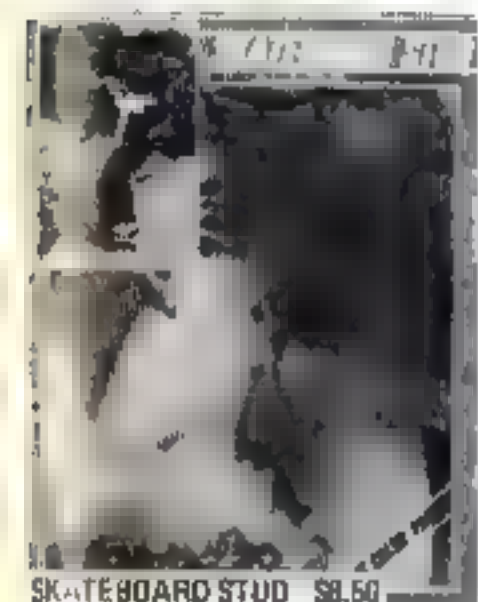
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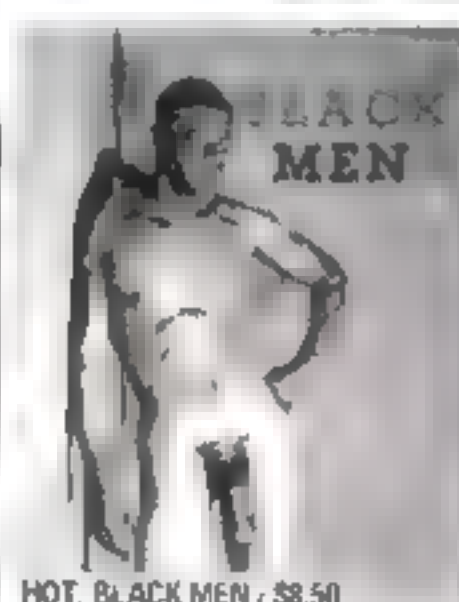
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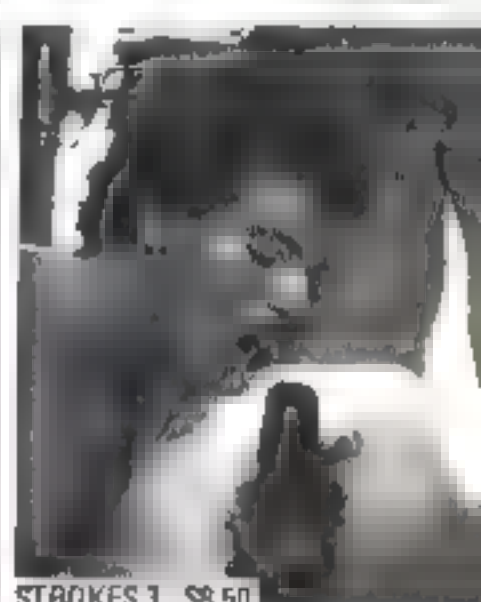
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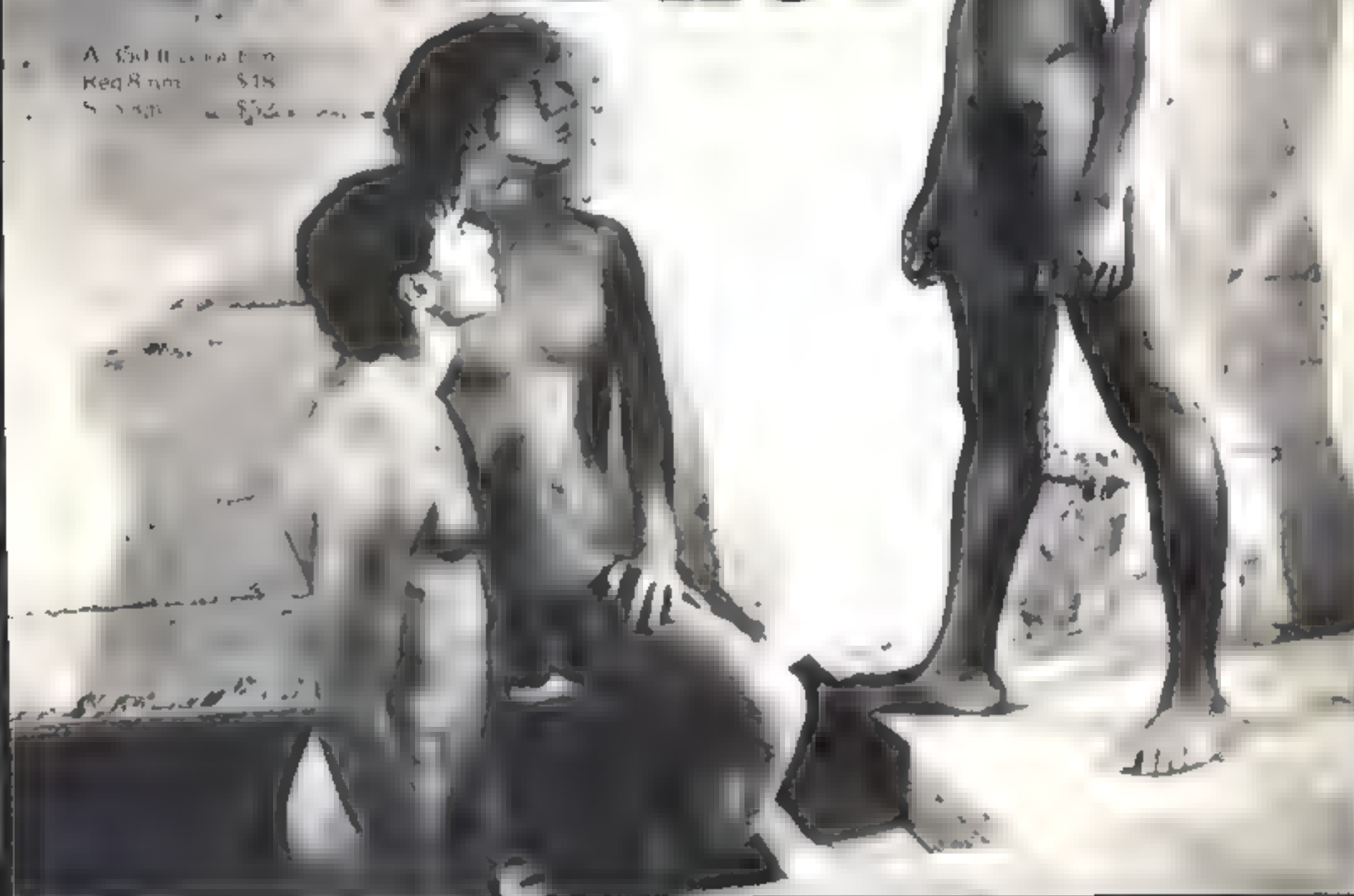
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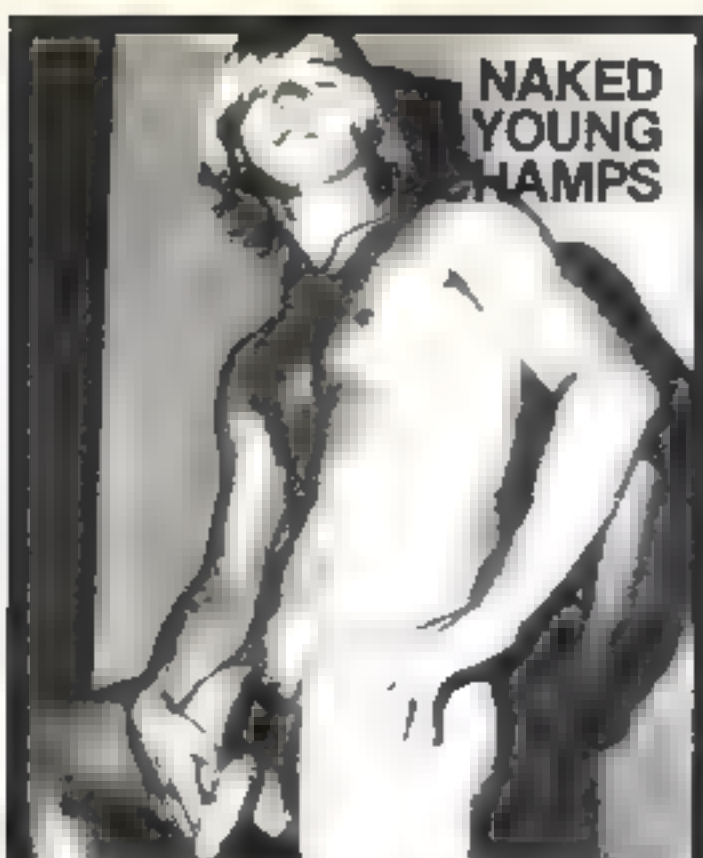


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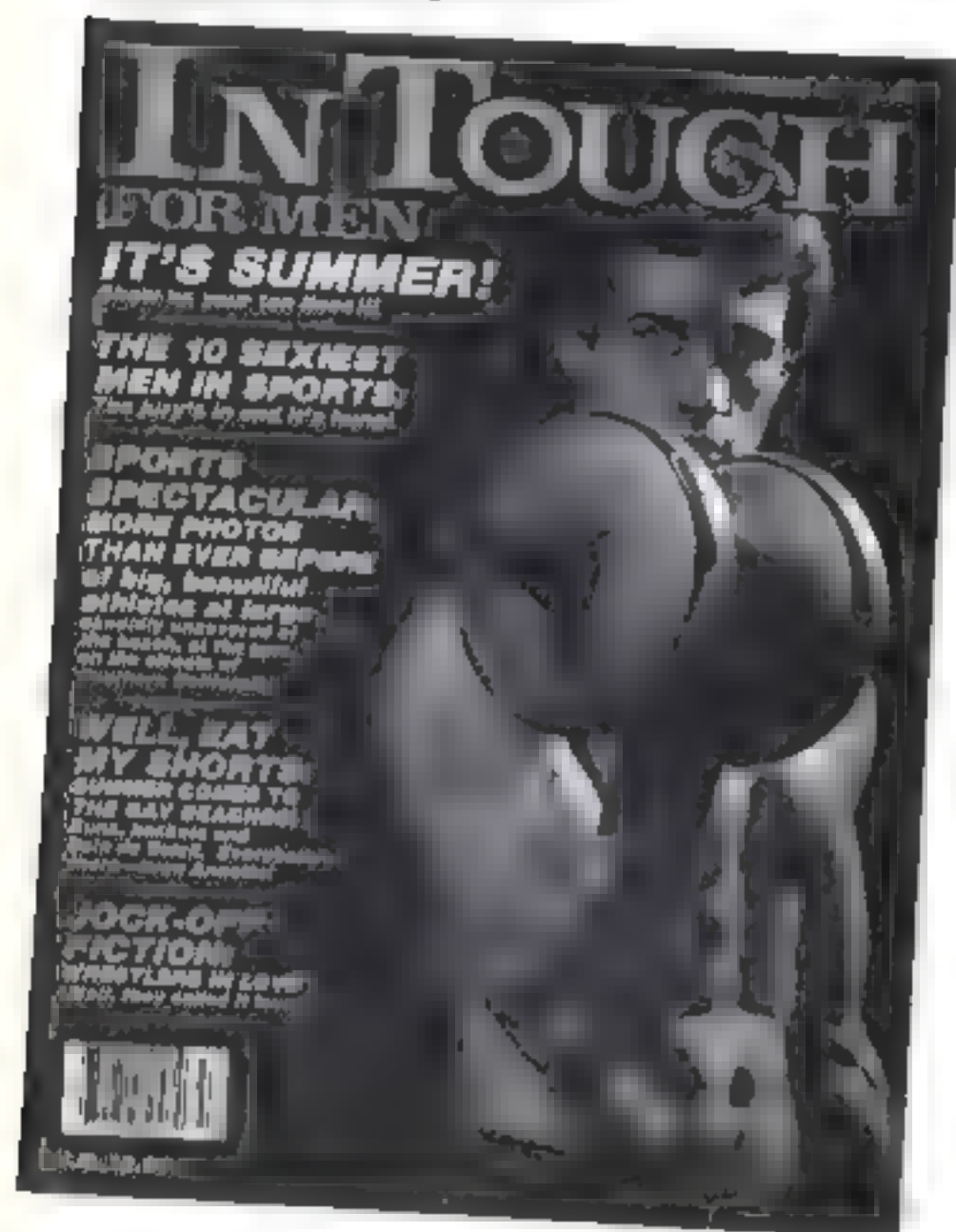
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| <input type="checkbox"/> #20 (Oct/Nov. '75) | <input type="checkbox"/> #32 (Nov/Dec. '77) | <input type="checkbox"/> #43 (Sep/Oct. '79) | <input type="checkbox"/> #54 (Apr. '81) | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> #22 (May/Jun. '76) | <input type="checkbox"/> #33 (Jan/Feb. '78) | <input type="checkbox"/> #44 (Nov/Dec. '79) | | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> #24 (Jul/Aug. '76) | <input type="checkbox"/> #34 (Mar/Apr. '78) | <input type="checkbox"/> #45 (Jan/Feb. '80) | | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> #25 (Sep/Oct. '76) | <input type="checkbox"/> #35 (May/Jun. '78) | <input type="checkbox"/> #46 (Mar/Apr. '80) | | |
| | <input type="checkbox"/> #36 (Jul/Aug. '78) | <input type="checkbox"/> #47 (May/Jun. '80) | | |

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we can't print here!

NEW! 
TOO HOT TO HANDLE #12

featuring Mario and 8 other IN TOUCH centerfold men!

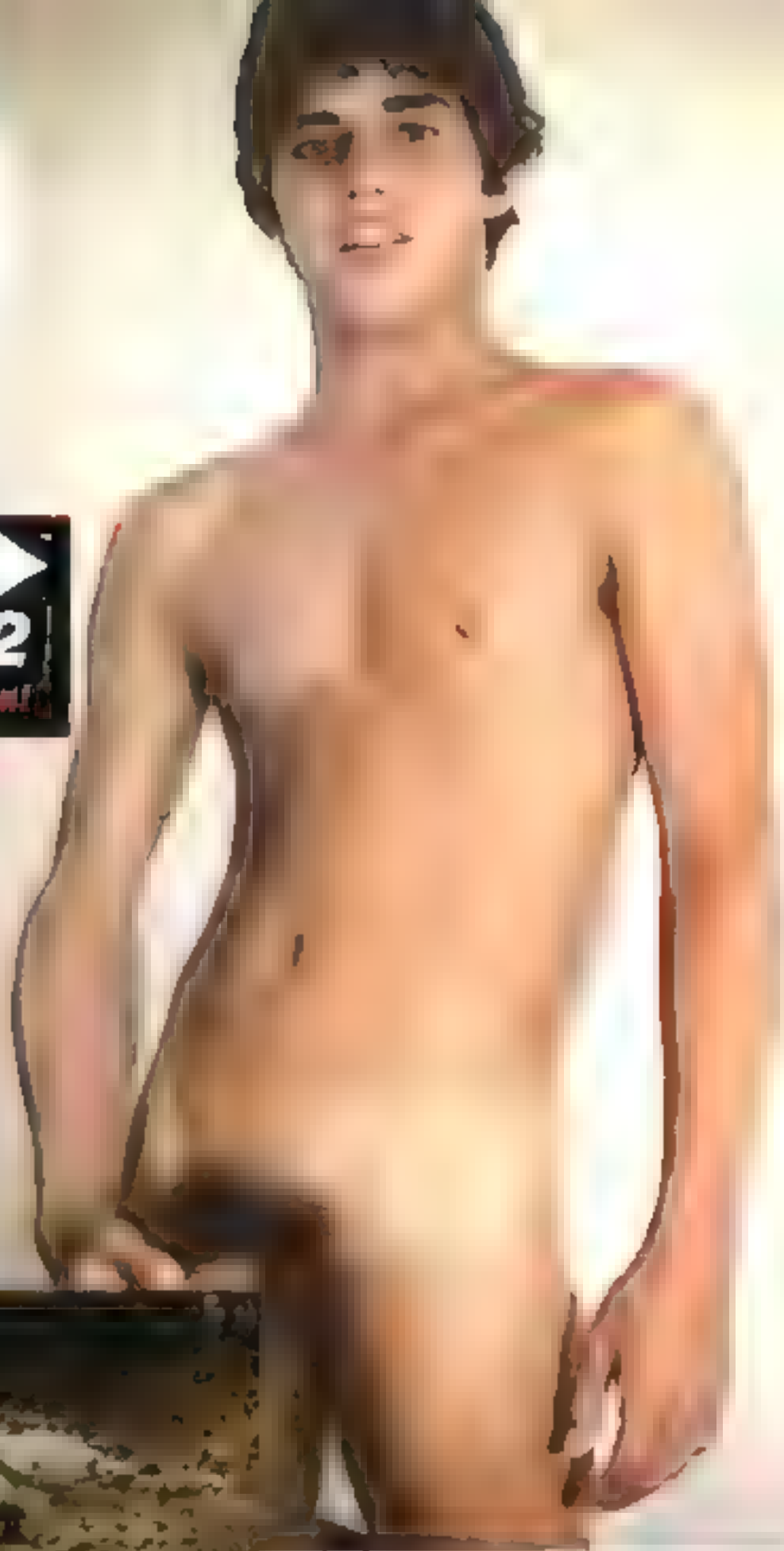


PHOTO BY ESMERALDO BAIRE

 **NEW! IN HEAT #11**

featuring Jamie & Lee and other mouthwatering duos!

AVAILABLE

HERE NOW

PHOTO BY JOE HOFFENBACH

by JIM YOUSLING

NIGHTLIFE!



AND SPEAKING OF LEATH-

ER: This is the one and only who's in Sling Shot that we could find in our pastime and we presume magazine but we're sure that you've never seen it. Sling Shot is a new and very naughty magazine devoted entirely to photos from William Higgins' latest feature film The Boys of San Francisco but this magazine doesn't have even a

glimpse of the Golden Gate Fisherman's Wharf or Jeanette MacDonald. What it does have however is a lot of action involving a single large dildo and a few estrays very few and a couple of young and able men. Steven Richard (seen here) and Charlie Cross (on IN TOUCH #59). The film is available exclusively through William Higgins Productions and the magazine is available exclusively through Le Salon Bottoms up

AND SPEAKING OF LEATH-
ER: Art school was never in his. And this is Fine Art it was over saw it. Mighty Fine who else could cram this much into one small drawing? Rex? Rex's endless parade of macho-macho men (known to our readers via the Boys) has established him as the man. Rockwell of Street, from truckers to boxers and all points in between. Sadly most of his art was destroyed in the 1906 earthquake because his home and studio in Frisco's biggest earthquake closed-down gay and flames eventually up an entire city block. Rex still has a famous talent and published work in print form but no original drawings left. A loss of all of his sympathy and Rex and all the

AND SPEAKING OF LEATH-

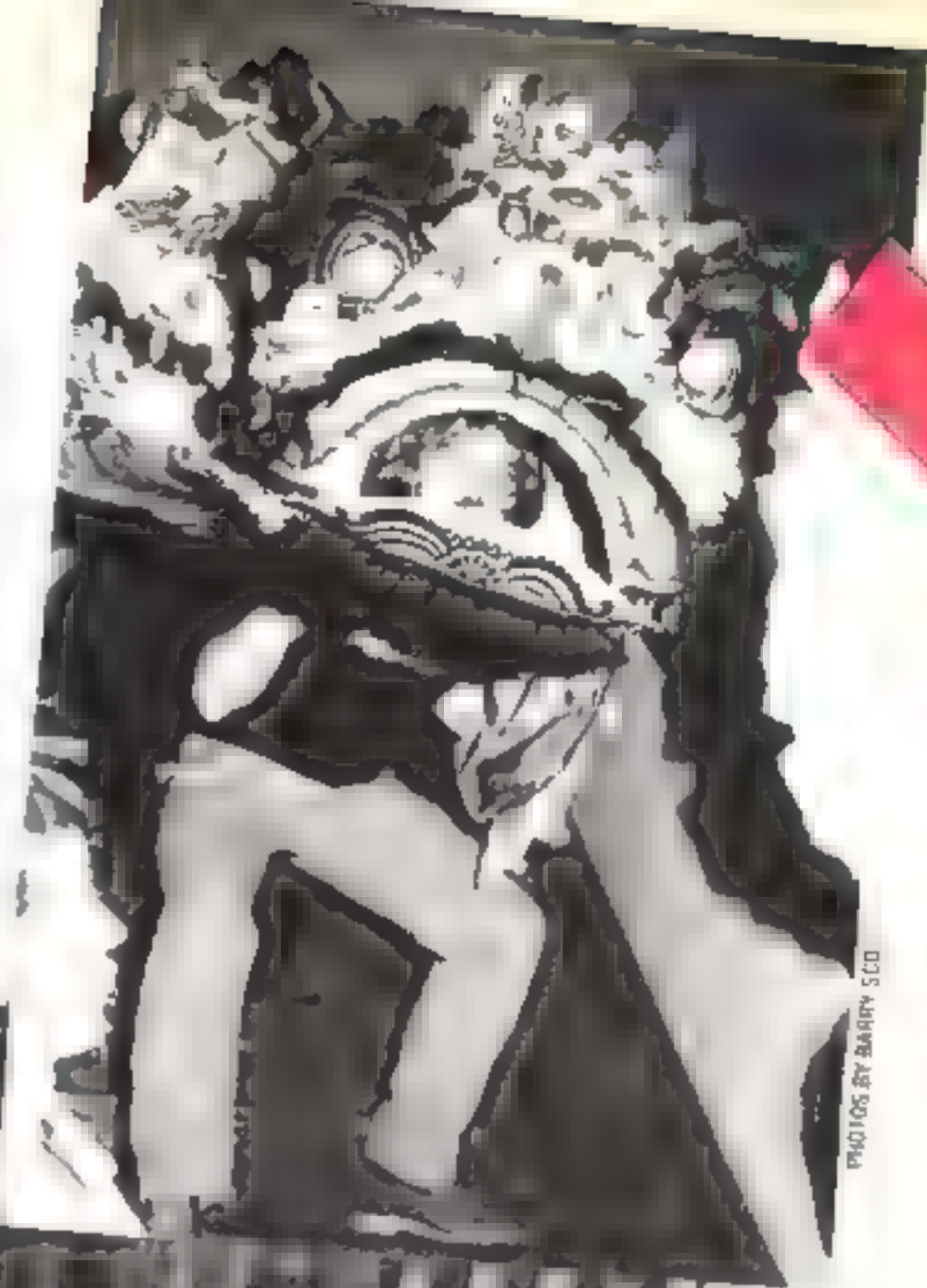
ER: So you thought The Boys was an old TV series. I guess again for now. The name of Los Angeles never heard her uniform mo' orcy bar. As we can see, I'm also welcome especially when I'm topped by a well packed pair of jeans. And as our photographer knows, he eyes may be in the window of the Sea. But I'm away to Paradise's local a bit further down. We can harness the energy given off by the body language during our at the lineup. I would give a city the size of St. Louis for a year.

AND SPEAKING OF LEATH- ER:

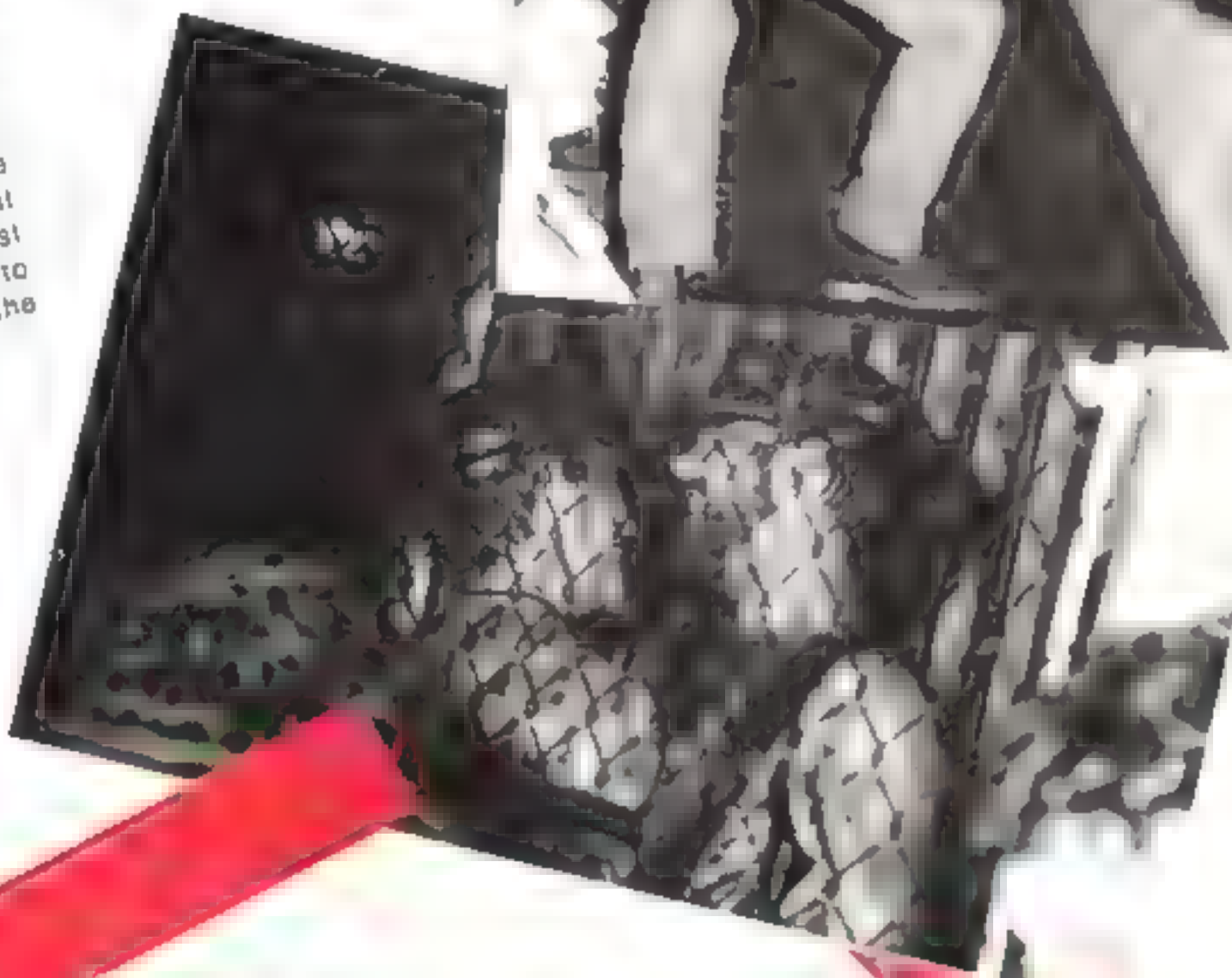
Art school was never like this! And this is Fine Art if we ever saw it. Mighty Fine! Who else could cram this much kink into one small drawing but Rex? Rex's endless panorama of macho-macho men (known to our readers via the Bolt ads) has established him as the Norman Rockwell of Folsom Street from truckers to bikers to boxers and all points between. Sadly most of his original art was destroyed in a San Francisco fire which consumed his home and studio. The fire (Frisco's biggest since the 1906 earthquake) began ironically enough, in the Barracks a closed-down gay bathhouse and flames eventually gobbled up an entire city block. Fortunately, Rex still has his enormous talent, and most of his published work will survive in print form. But the loss of the original drawings is a great loss to all of us. Our deepest sympathy and best wishes to Rex and all the victims of the fire.

AND SPEAKING OF LEATH- ER:

Now this is what art school was like. But no, these luscious slices of nightlife are actually from Probe, Hollywood's private disco, famous for its frequent all-night parties. Here we are peeping at the Black Party and the Chinese New Year Party (no hints at which is which). Among other memorable theme parties: Roman Circus, Ripped, Spaced Gushers, Dog Tags, Puttin' On the Ritz, Prom Night ... in short, every theme your high school never had, and even a few that they *did*. But at Probe you can dance with your boyfriend.



PHOTOS BY BARRY SCOTT

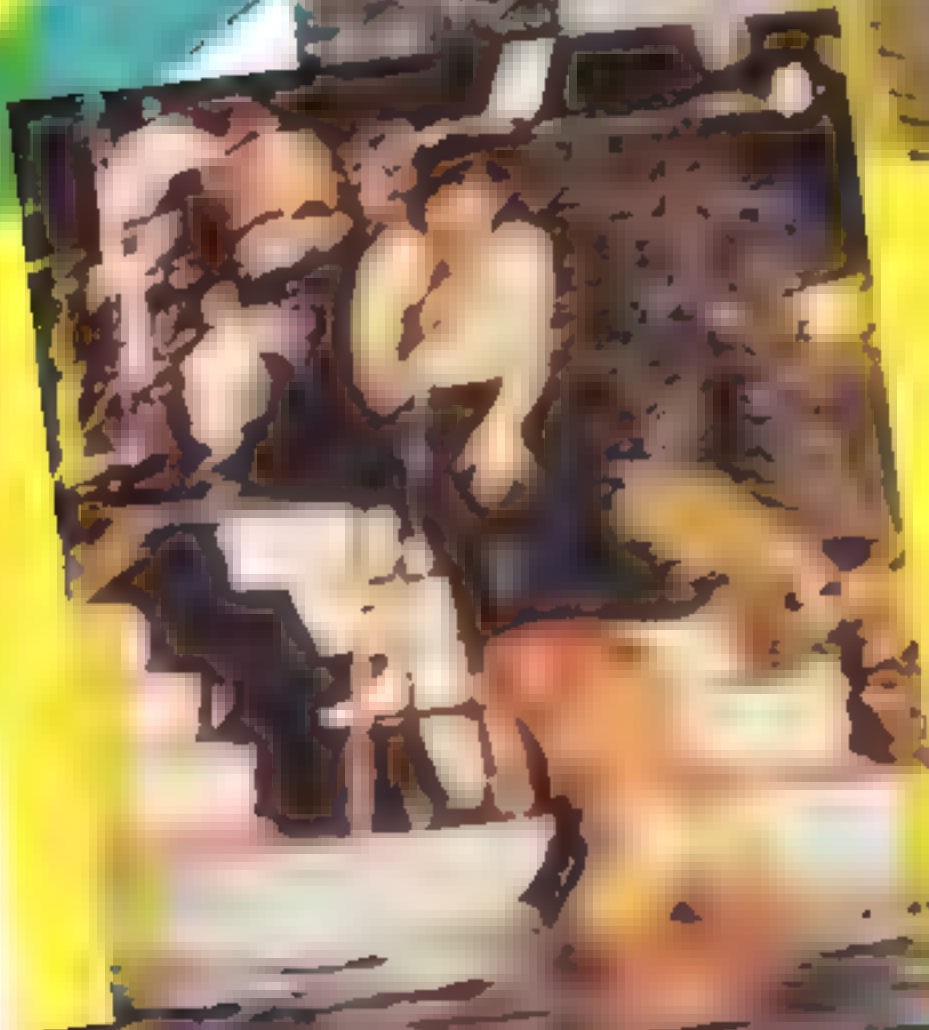


AND SPEAKING OF LEATH- ER:

So you thought *The Lineup* was an old TV series. Well, guess again, for now it's the name of Los Angeles' newest leather/uniform/motorcycle bar. As we can see, tennies are also welcome, especially when topped by a well-packed pair of jeans. And as our photographer knows, the eyes may be the Window of the Soul, but the Stairway to Paradise is located a bit further down. If we could harness the energy given off by the body-language during one hour at the Lineup it would light a city the size of St. Louis or a year.



PHOTOS BY JAMES W. JAMES



AND SPEAKING OF TRAVEL: Look out, Troy Donahue! Look out, Robert Conrad! Look out Ty Hardin and Connie Stevens and Stefanie Powers! It was Palm Springs Weekend all over again when the IN TOUCH staff invaded that legendary resort city, cameras in hand, to help celebrate the grand reopening of the Palm Canyon Inn, one of the nicest and best-run gay hotels anywhere now owned by David Heneler and Lowell Smith.

The highlight of the weekend was a poolside concert by

songstress Fran Wallfish, complete with Live Band and Unscheduled Wet Naked Man Trooper that she is. Fran stayed dry and kept right on singing, making it into a great showbiz moment that Connie Stevens would give her eye teeth for.

We nixed flashshots later that night (to protect the guilty) but managed to hit the C.C. Construction Company, the



GAF Dave's Villa Caprice and several other places that we're member through a haze of scents and suntan oils Woo-oo-oo what a little moonlight can land d.d. do! Check out this town at the first opportunity. They have streets named after Bob Hope and Frank Sinatra! P.S. we love you!

PHOTOS BY RAY WEBSTER



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AND SPEAKING OF MICHEL-ANGELO'S "DAVID": We just love to get surprises in the mail (except requests for our models' phone numbers), and here's our current fave, a couple of items from Robert Patrick, the distinguished author of *T-Shirts* and *Kennedy's Children*. The one you spotted first is a bonafide Spanish-language seven-minute program from a production of *T-Shirts* in Caracas, Venezuela. The cover, shown here, features a sexy young actor named Francisco Sandoval, who, according to the program, has also been seen in

Acita La Marfanta and *El Pesque Fuma* (which might be about a candy dispenser that smokes). We don't speak Spanish, but we did find the word *posternomente* in his bio. And obviously, someone has torn his camiseta to bite! The handwritten comments are from the playwright.

The second item that Patrick sent (a newspaper clipping) speaks for itself, especially in view of all the news on Michelangelo these days. And let's face it... when you're painting ceilings for the Pope, you probably don't have time for much more than brief and tasteful

nudity
anyhow

Please let your readers know that a gay
gay play opened The 5th International



teatro los cedros
Julio 1981

Queer Festival in Caracas! How about that?



Patrick Seeks Michelangelo Look-Alikes for New Play

ROBERT PATRICK, playwright of *T-Shirts*, *Kennedy's Children*, *Haunted Hub*, and *Fog*, and *Mercy Drop*, needs two young men for roles in a new historical romance, **MICHELANGELO'S MODELS**.

Both should be in their early twenties or late teens. **TOMMO**, an ambitious but not bright Florentine artist's model who hustles on the side, should resemble Michelangelo's statue of David; **TOMASSO**, a brilliant Florentine noble, should resemble Michelangelo's Adam in the Creation scene on the Sistine ceiling (he has a brief and tasteful nude scene).

Both the David and the Adam can be found in most books on Michelangelo's art.

Productions are planned for several cities. New York City production is for Fall or Winter, 1981. Send photo or resume to: Box 785, Cooper Station, N.Y.C. 10003.

GAF, Dave's wife, Carice, and several other places that we remember through a haze of scents and sunset oils. Woo-oo-oo, what a little moonlight can land did! Check out this town at the first opportunity. They have streets named after Bob Hope and Frank Sinatra! P.S. we love you

PHOTOS BY RAY WEBSTER

AND SPEAKING OF T-SHIRTS: This is a publicity photo for, believe it or not, the Chicago International Film Festival. Now, this is one festival that clearly deserves your support. But, you say, I live in Beverly Hills! What can I do to help? Well, first of all, you can order this shirt and pray that it looks this good being peeled off you. Or, you can order a big

poster of this photo, put it over your bed, and flog the log till your arm falls off. We think these are both marvelous suggestions. (Shirts are \$6.50—S,M,L,XL. Posters are \$14.50—29" x 32") Send check, money order or plastic to: The Chicago International Film Festival, 415 North Dearborn, Chicago IL 60610. That's the city that gave you Sally Rand.

**AND SPEAKING OF FASH-
ION:** Okay, so you guessed
that our centerfold Pan was
really a guy in a costume. After
all, it is Halloween. But since
the Quest for Truth is obviously
of primary importance to our
readers, we'll just spill the

beans right now, rather than
answer a hundred letters later
on. Yes, he doesn't really have
hooves! Yes, he is really wear-
ing eye makeup! Yes, he is
really uncut! Yes, he is really
even sexier in person!

In the top photo, we have liv-
ing proof that Pan has a stylist,
the talented Russell Zenoza,
who especially gets off on
combing out tails. Russell cre-
ated the costume and makeup,
and the head piece is by Ted
Shell. We don't know what Ted
gets off on. In the bottom
(pardon the expression) photo,
we see the entirely unclad, un-
retouched model, the fabulous
Mr. Val Martin, who was born in
Brazil (really), an only son with
18 sisters (really), who married
at 14 (really) and has two sons
(really). Now a U.S. citizen, Val
has been a horse trainer, a
gaucho, a medical student, a
New York policeman, a stock-
broker, a dancer, a banker, a
tour guide, director of an im-
port/export firm, and now he's
an owner of L.A.'s Probe
(really!).

As if that weren't enough,
Val's charm and physique
have won him more titles than
you ever dreamed existed,
plus roles in films from the
hard-core classic "Sextool" to
the soft-core classic "Ameri-
can Gigolo." Far from content
to sit on his laurels, Val's
future goals include, and we
quote: "To live to be a hun-
dred years old or more. To be
happy and healthy, and to en-
joy the company of people I
can love, and who love me
with respect and honesty.
Obrigado." That last word is
in another language, but since
Val speaks four, we don't
know which one it is (really,
really, really!). And one last
thing... Val speaks with an
accent that you would die for,
and no, you can't have his
phone number. But those of
you who would like to sit on
his laurels may line up on the
right.

**AND SPEAKING OF HALLO-
WEEN:** And aren't we always
... we hope you have a safe
'n' sane one, and stay away
from graveyards, wicked
queens and open-toe shoes.
Don't take that shortcut
through the woods if you're
dressed as a large smoked

ham. Use soap, not wax, on
Old Boo Radley's windows.
Ring the doorbell and run.
Don't go to strangers. Don't
smoke in bed. Don't bolt your
food. If you're out tonight and
you're on your bike, wear
white. And remember, the
answer to the question "Trick
or Treat" is always "Yes." ▲

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